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Arne - Six Songs. 1850.

Old English Edition, 2

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MUSIC LIBRARY

a The Old English Edition. No. ii.

SIX SONGS

BY

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

EDITED BY

G. E. P. ARKWRIGHT.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24 BERNERS STREET,
London.

PARKER AND CO.
BROAD STREET,
Oxford.

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Preface.

THE object of this Edition is to present in an accessible form various works by English composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which would otherwise be difficult to obtain. It is intended to reprint a selection from the music hidden away in public and private libraries, which is almost unknown, except to antiquarians and collectors of rare books.

The original harmonies will be preserved in every case.

Each volume will be accompanied by Introductions and Biographical Notices, with references to the authorities whence information is obtained. A few brief Notes will also be added.

Introduction

To No. ii. of the Old English Edition.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE (1710—1778) was the son of an upholsterer who kept a shop in King Street, Covent Garden. On leaving Eton, where he was educated, he was placed by his father in a lawyer's office. He contrived nevertheless to find time for the study of music, and took lessons on the violin from Michael Festing. It is said that the elder Arne knew nothing of his son's talents until he accidentally discovered him leading an amateur orchestra at a friend's house. After this he was persuaded to let him give up the Law and devote himself to Music.

Arne's first essay in dramatic composition was a new setting of Addison's opera, "Rosamond," written for his sister Susanna (afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Cibber), whom he had himself instructed in singing. This was successfully produced in 1732, and was followed in the same year by the "Opera of Operas, or Tom Thumb the Great," a version of Fielding's "Tragedy of Tragedies." In 1736 he wrote incidental music to the "Fall of Phaeton," from which a song is printed in the present volume. The words are doubtfully ascribed to one Pritchard in the British Museum Catalogue.

The work which established Arne's reputation as a writer for the Theatre was a setting of Milton's "Comus," as adapted for the stage by Dr. Dalton. Two songs from "Comus" are included in this collection: the first is the Attendant Spirit's song, "Not on beds of fading flowers," sung by the great tenor, Beard; the second, "Fame's an Echo," was sung by Mrs. Clive, in the character of Euphrosyne.

In 1740, an entertainment was given by Frederick, Prince of Wales, at Clieveden, near Maidenhead, to commemorate the anniversary of the Accession of the House of Hanover. Arne was employed to write music for two masques which were presented on the occasion. One of these was Congreve's "Judgment of Paris;" the other, Thomson and Mallet's "Alfred." The latter contains the "celebrated Ode in Honour of Great Britain call'd Rule Britannia." It was afterwards altered and reproduced at Drury Lane in 1751. Two songs from "Alfred" are given in this collection.

From this time until his death in 1778, Arne devoted himself almost exclusively to writing operas, and supplying incidental music for the plays produced at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. It is only necessary here to mention "Artaxerxes," an opera in the Italian style, which was produced in 1762; the libretto being translated from Metastasio by Arne himself.

He also composed two Oratorios, "Abel" (1755), which contains the popular "Hymn of Eve;" and "Judith" (1764), of which the words were written by Isaac Bickerstaff. A song from "Judith" is printed in this volume.

Arne married, in 1736, the singer Cecilia Young, for whom he wrote many of his most charming songs. He was a very successful teacher of singing, and some of his pupils, notably Miss Brent, attained considerable celebrity.

[See Grove's Dictionary of Music, and the Dictionary of National Biography.]

The six songs contained in this collection are supplied with an accompaniment arranged for the pianoforte from the score. At the end of the volume will be found the score of each song, taken from the old editions.

Contents.

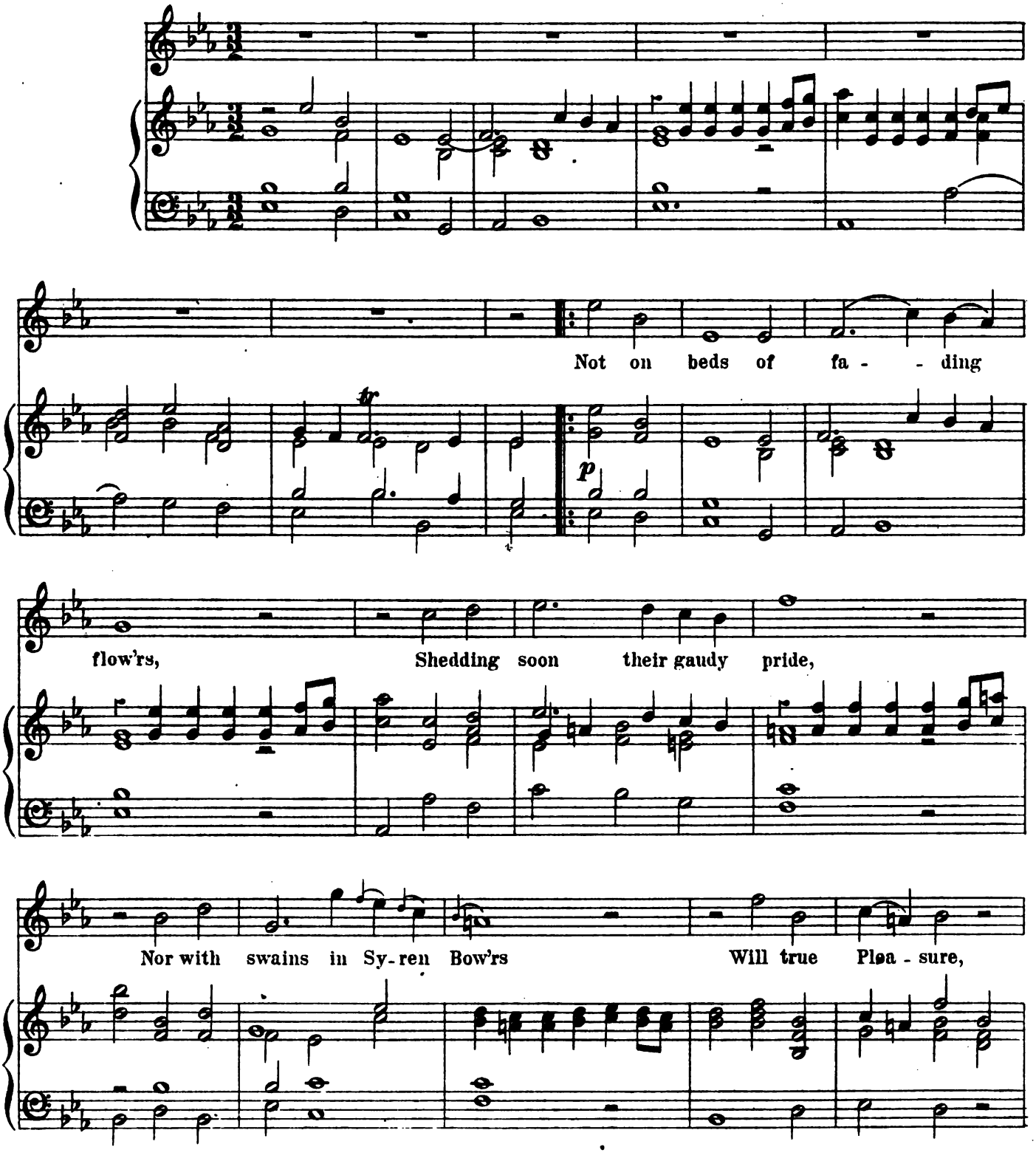
1. Not on beds of fading flow'rs . . . *Comus.*
2. Fame's an echo . . . . . *Comus.*
3. Vengeance, O come inspire me . . . *Alfred.*
4. Arise, sweet messenger of Morn . . . *Alfred.*
5. Sleep, gentle cherub . . . . . *Judith.*
6. O come, O come, my dearest . . . . *Fall of Phaeton.*

Music.

I.

Not on beds of fading flow'rs.

Comus.



will true Pleasure long re-

side. On aw-ful

Vir-tue's Hill sub-lime En-thro-ned sits thim-mort-al

fair; Who wins her

Height must pa-tient climb, The steps are Pe-ril, Toil and

Care. So from the first did Jove or - dain Eter - nal

bliss for transient Pain, Eter - nal bliss

for trans - ient Pain, E - ter - nal bliss for

più forte *p*

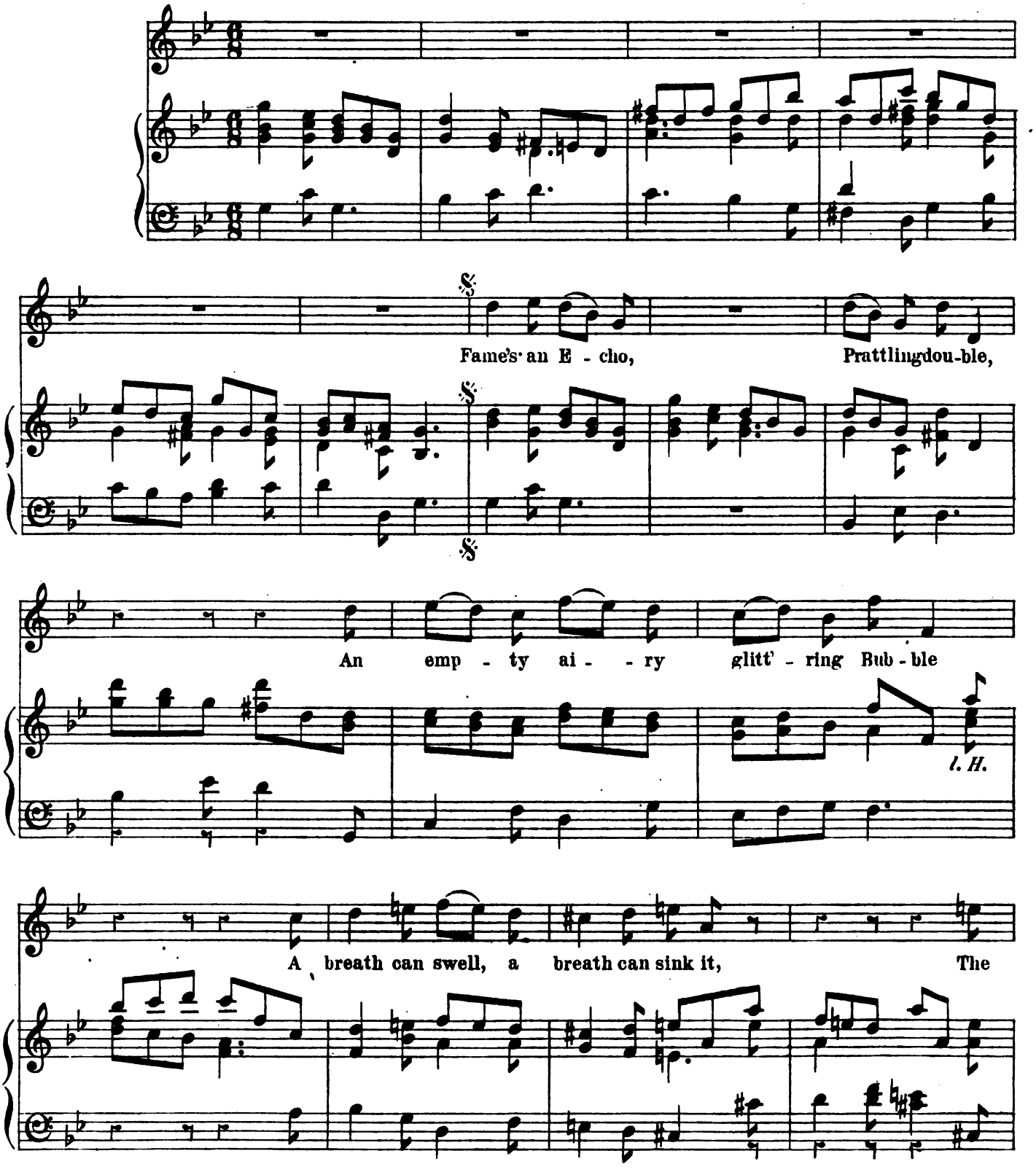
trans - ient pain. pain.

Adagio. *f*

II.

Fame's an Echo.

Comus.



wise not worth their keep - ing think it

Why then, why such toil and pain Fame's un - cer - tain smiles to gain.

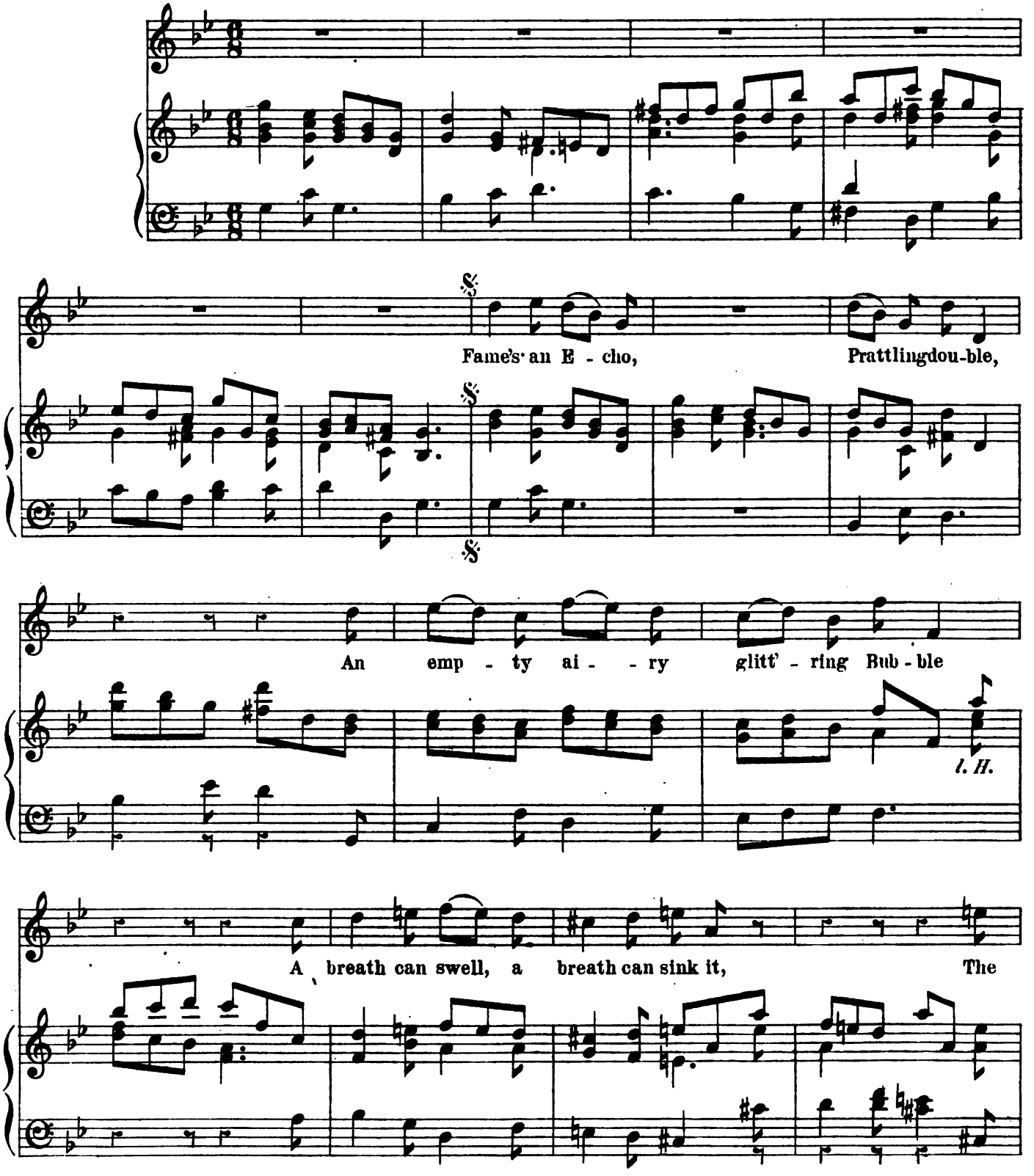
Like her sis - ter For - tune blind

To the best she's oft un - kind,

II.

Fame's an Echo.

Comus.



wise not worth their keep - ing think it

Why then, why such toil and pain Fame's un - cer - tain smiles to gain.

Like her sis - ter For - tune blind

To the best she's oft un - kind,

And the worst her fa - vour find,

And the worst her fa - vour find,

Adagio.

And the worst her fa - vour find.

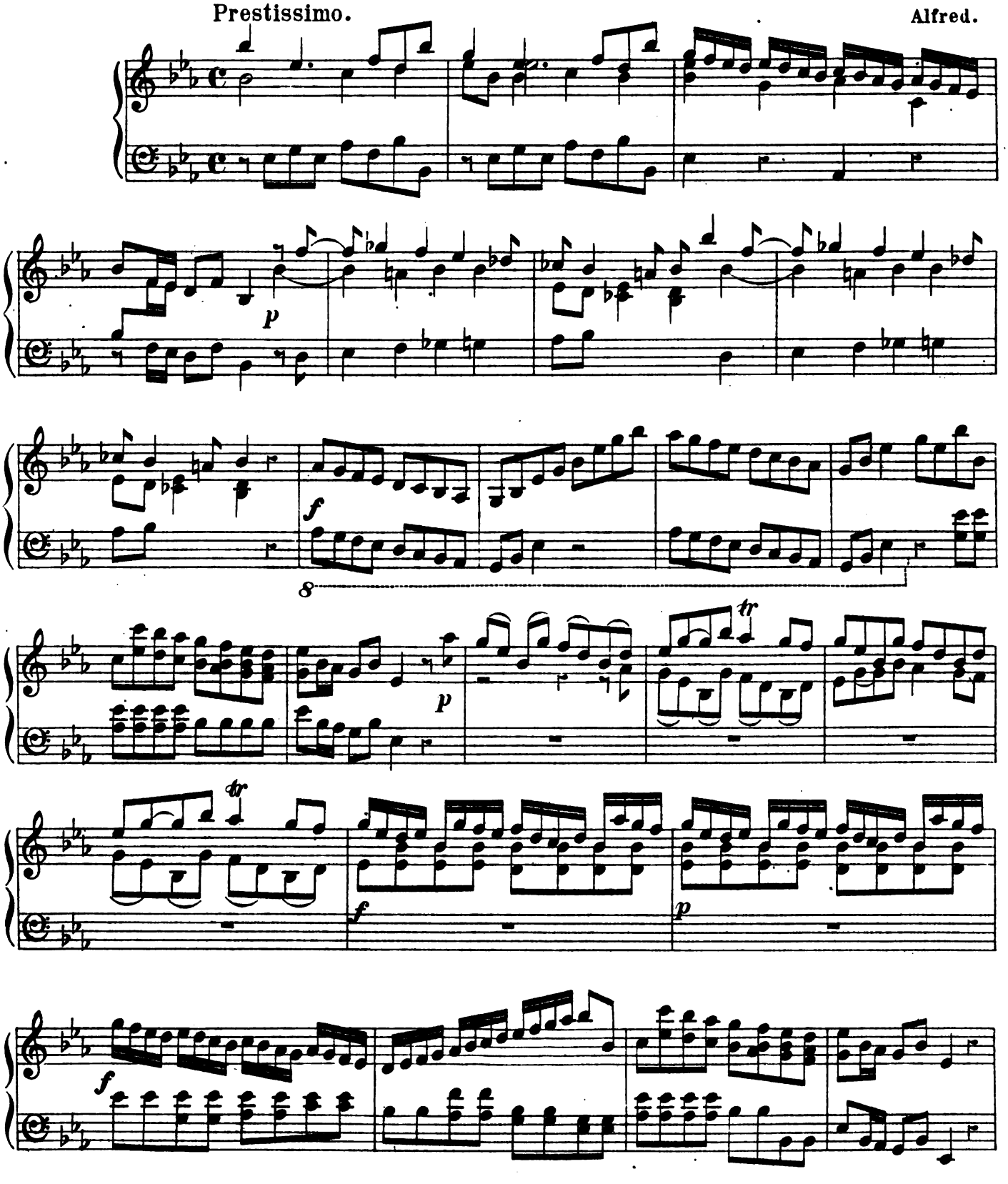
f

III.

Vengeance, o come, inspire me.

Prestissimo.

Alfred.



Vengeance, O come, in - spire me, O come in - spire me!

p *f*

Vir - tue and free - dom fire me, Vir - tue and free - dom

p *f* *p*

fire me. Join me ye sons of glo - ry,

tr *f* *p* *f*

Join me ye sons of glo - ry The foe shall fly be - fore ye, And

p *f* *p*

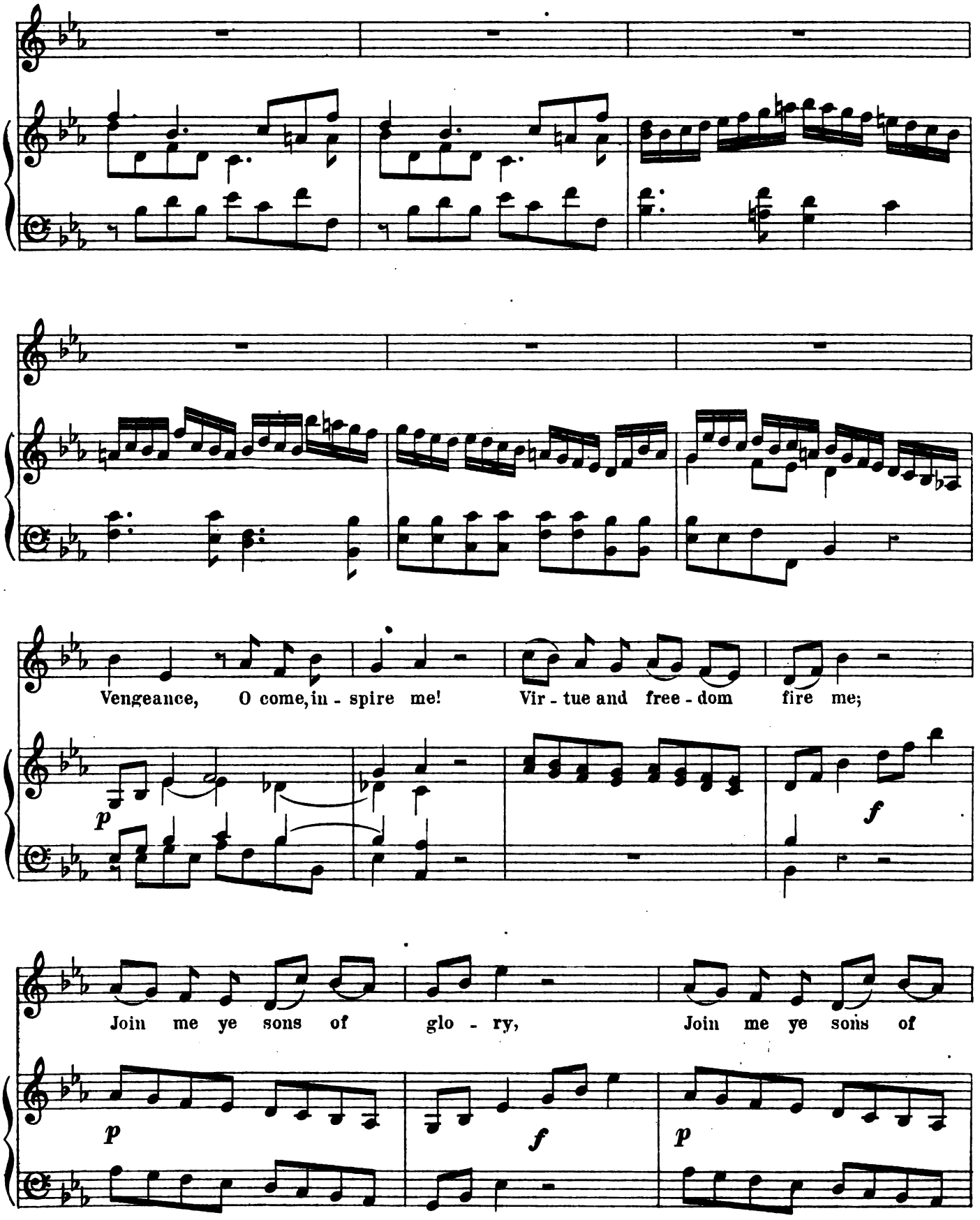
Fame re - cord your sto - ry, In

never dying lays, In never dying lays. The foe shall fly be -

fore ye, and Fame re - cord your sto - ry In ne - ver dy - ing

lays, In ne - ver dy - ing lays.

ff


Vengeance, O come, in - spire me! Vir - tue and free - dom fire me;
p
f
Join me ye sons of glo - ry, Join me ye sons of
p
f
p

glo - ry, The foe shall fly be - fore ye, The

foe shall fly be - - fore ye, And Fame re - cord your

f *p*

sto - ry, and Fame re - cord your sto - ry In

tr

f *p* *f* *p*

nev - er dy - ing lays, in nev - er dy - ing lays; The

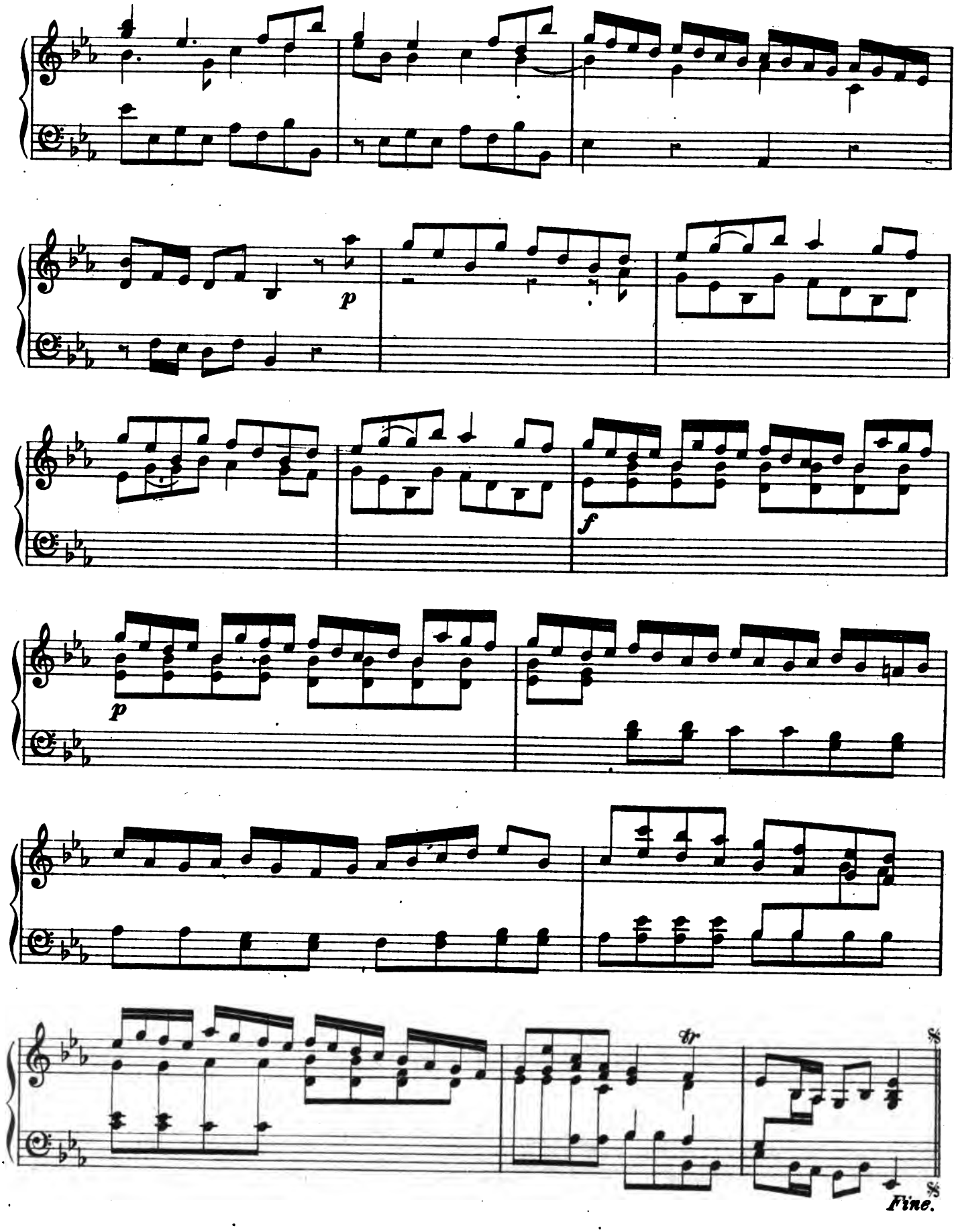
foe shall fly be - fore ye And fame re - cord your

sto - ry in ne - ver dy - ing lays. The

foe shall fly be - fore ye, And fame re - cord you

sto - ry in nev - er dy - ing lays.

f *poco f* *ff*


p
f
p
tr
Fine.

The peace-ful dove shall soar on high The

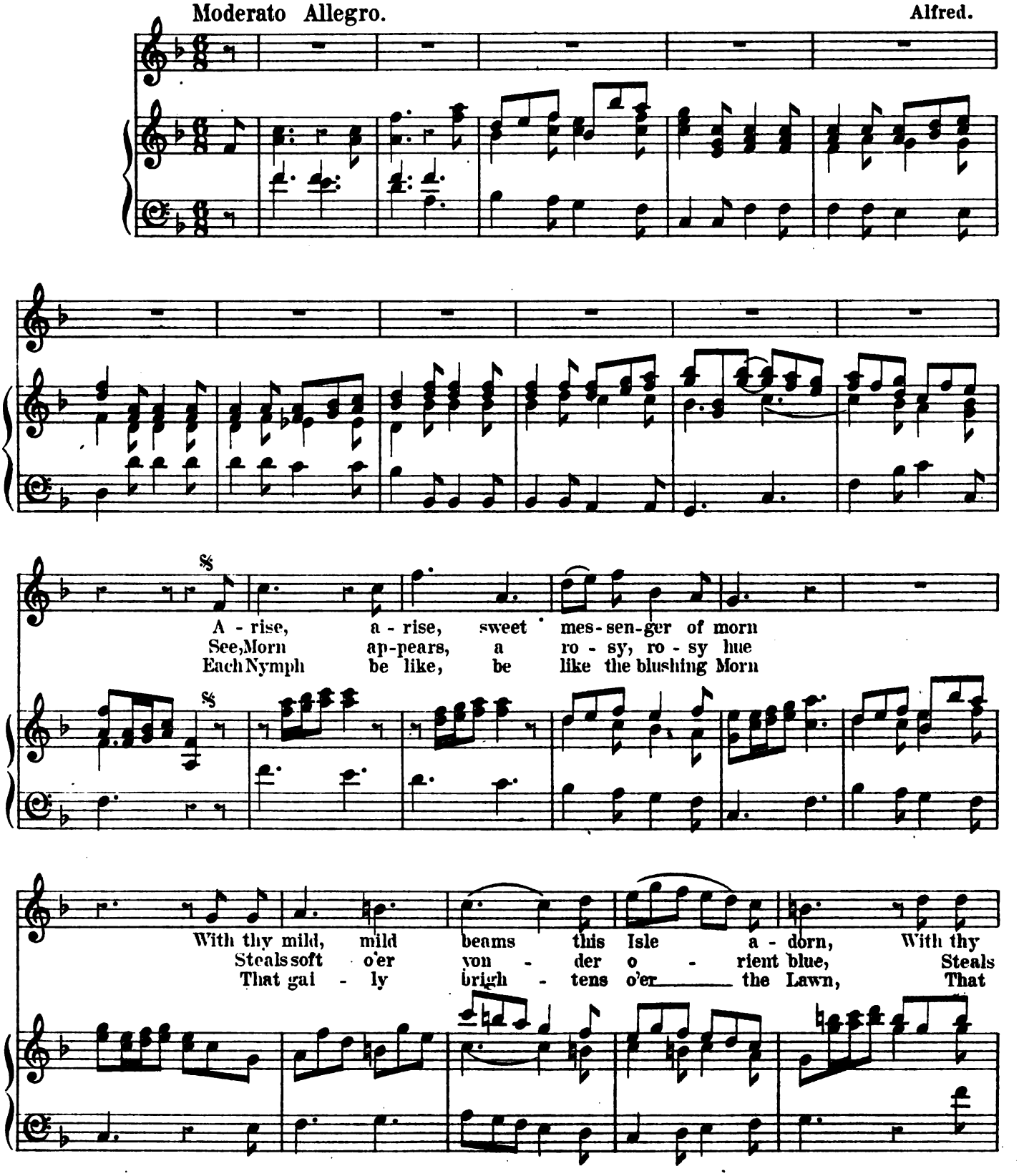
Dan-ish Ra-ven droop and die And ev'-ry loy-al

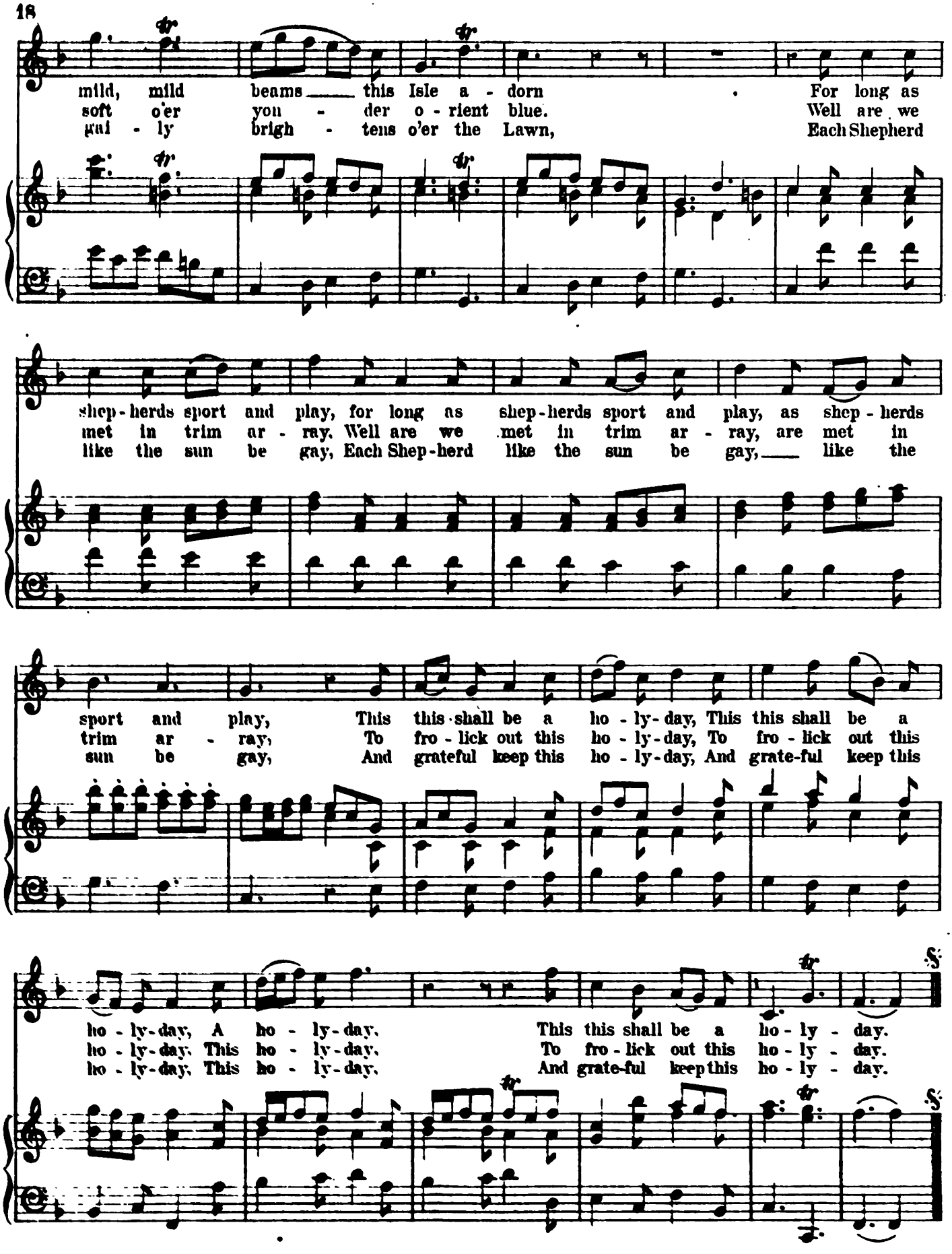
heart shall vie To me-rit Al-fred's praise, To me-rit Al-fred's praise, and

ev'-ry loy-al heart shall vie, shall vie to me-rit Al-fred's praise.

D.C.

IV.
Arise sweet messenger of morn.




mild, mild beams this Isle a - dorn For long as
soft o'er yon - der o - rient blue. Well are we
gai - ly brigh - tens o'er the Lawn, Each Shepherd
shep - herds sport and play, for long as shep - herds sport and play, as shep - herds
met in trim ar - ray, Well are we met in trim ar - ray, are met in
like the sun be gay, Each Shep - herd like the sun be gay, like the
sport and play, This this shall be a ho - ly - day, This this shall be a
trim ar - ray, To fro - lick out this ho - ly - day, To fro - lick out this
sun be gay, And grateful keep this ho - ly - day, And grate - ful keep this
ho - ly - day, A ho - ly - day, This this shall be a ho - ly - day.
ho - ly - day, This ho - ly - day, To fro - lick out this ho - ly - day.
ho - ly - day, This ho - ly - day, And grate - ful keep this ho - ly - day.

V.

"Sleep, gentle Cherub, Sleep descend."

Andante Largo.

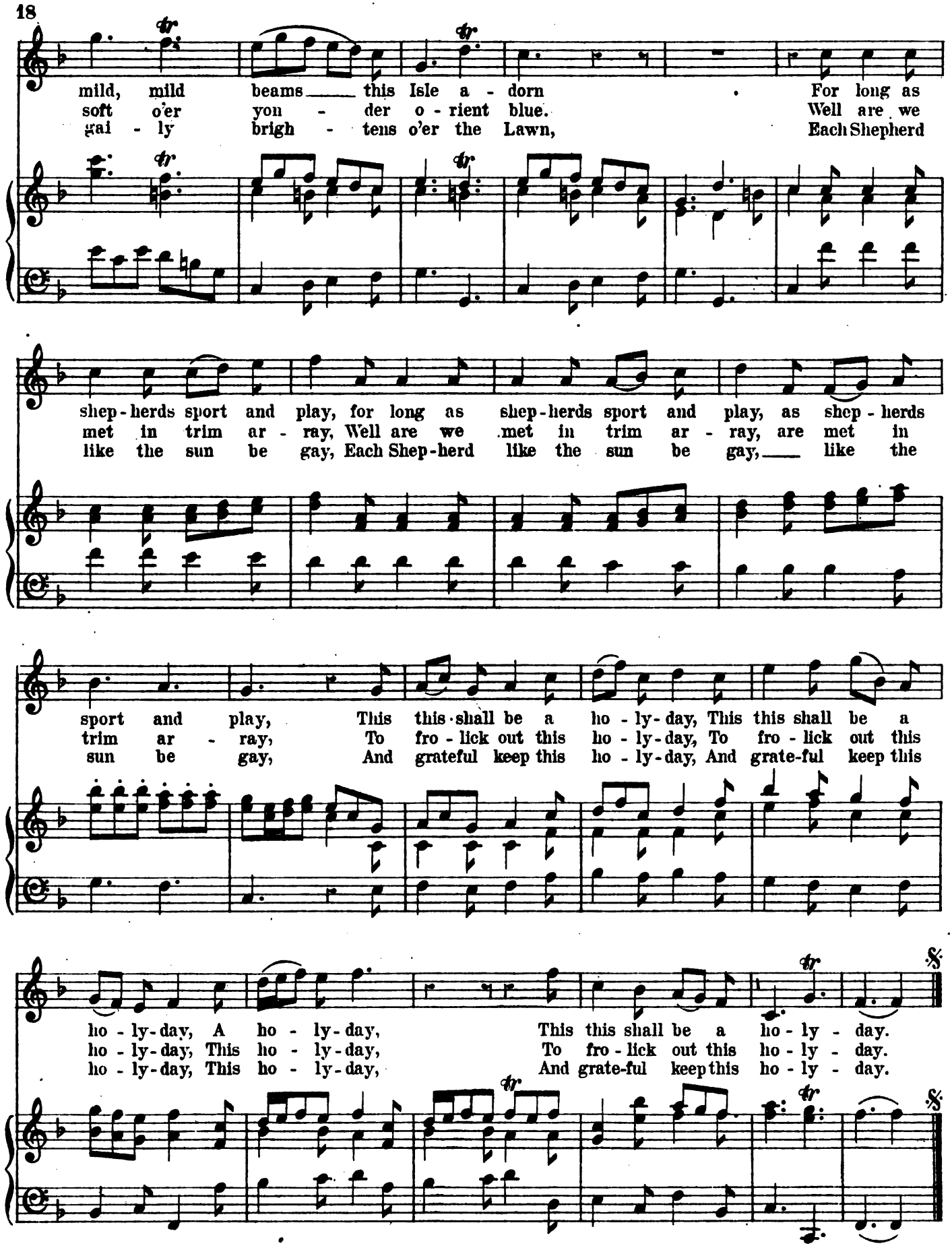
Judith.

Sleep, gent - le Che - rub, Sleep descend,

p

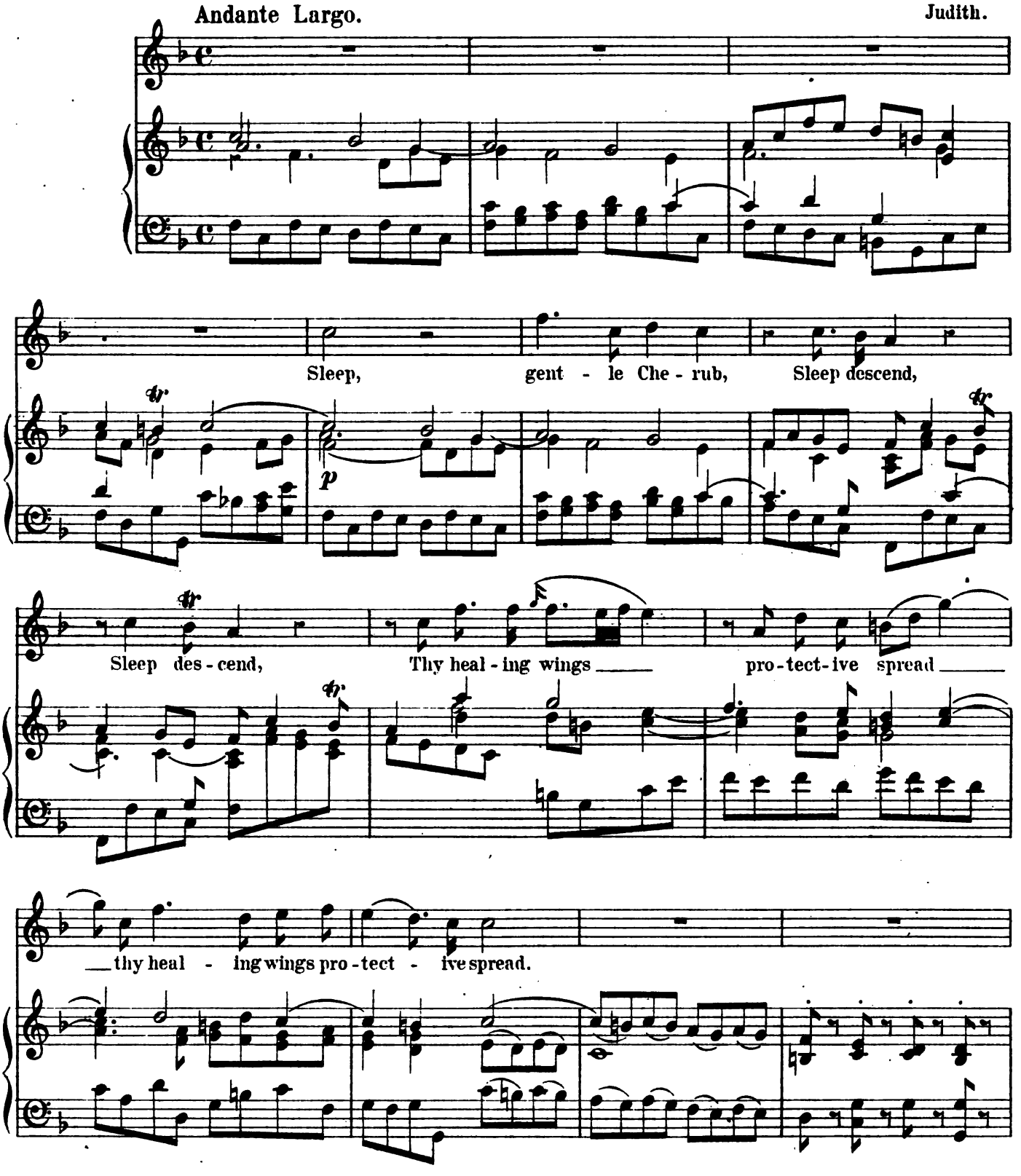
Sleep des - cend, Thy heal - ing wings pro - tect - ive spread

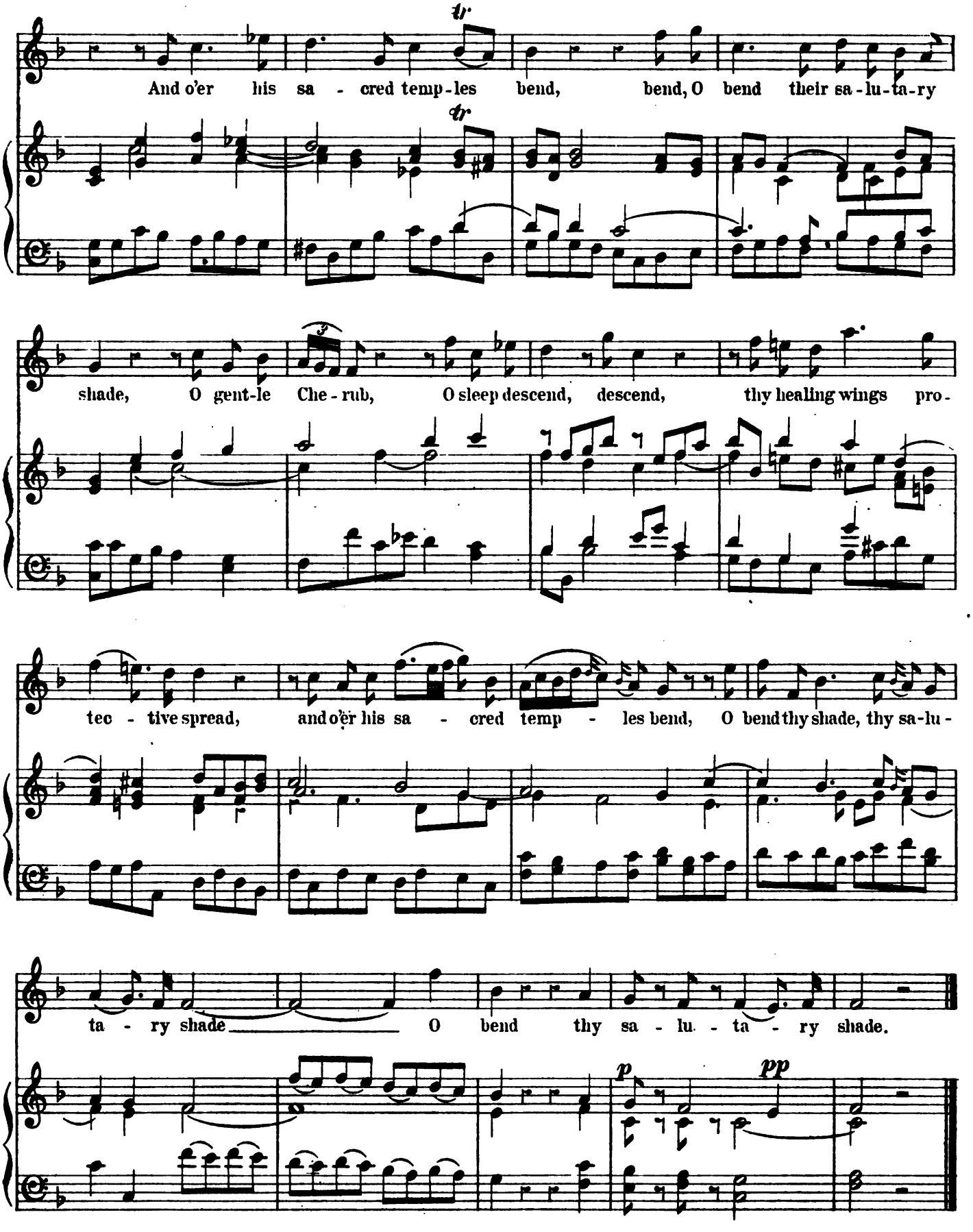
thy heal - ing wings pro - tect - ive spread.


mild, mild beams this Isle a - dorn For long as
soft o'er yon - der o - rient blue. Well are we
gai - ly brigh - tens o'er the Lawn, Each Shepherd
shep - herds sport and play, for long as shep - herds sport and play, as shep - herds
met in trim ar - ray, Well are we met in trim ar - ray, are met in
like the sun be gay, Each Shep - herd like the sun be gay, like the
sport and play, This this shall be a ho - ly - day, This this shall be a
trim ar - ray, To fro - lick out this ho - ly - day, To fro - lick out this
sun be gay, And grateful keep this ho - ly - day, And grate - ful keep this
ho - ly - day, A ho - ly - day, This this shall be a ho - ly - day.
ho - ly - day, This ho - ly - day, To fro - lick out this ho - ly - day.
ho - ly - day, This ho - ly - day, And grate - ful keep this ho - ly - day.

V.

"Sleep, gentle Cherub, Sleep descend."




tr
And o'er his sa - cred temp - les bend, bend, O bend their sa - lu - ta - ry
tr
shade, O gent-le Che - rub, O sleep descend, descend, thy healing wings pro -
tec - tive spread, and o'er his sa - cred temp - les bend, O bend thy shade, thy sa - lu -
ta - ry shade O bend thy sa - lu - ta - ry shade.
p
pp

VI.
O come, o come, my dearest.

Andante.

Fall of Phaeton.

O come, o come, my dearest, and

hith - er bring Thy lips a - dorn'd with all the blooming spring, Thy

lips a - dorn'd with all the bloo - ming spring,

A thou-sand, thou-sand sweets. their fra-grant a - toms blend Which

in a gale of joy which in a gale of joy thy breath at - tend, thy

Love in gen - tle murmurs to my soul ap - ply heal me with kisses Oh

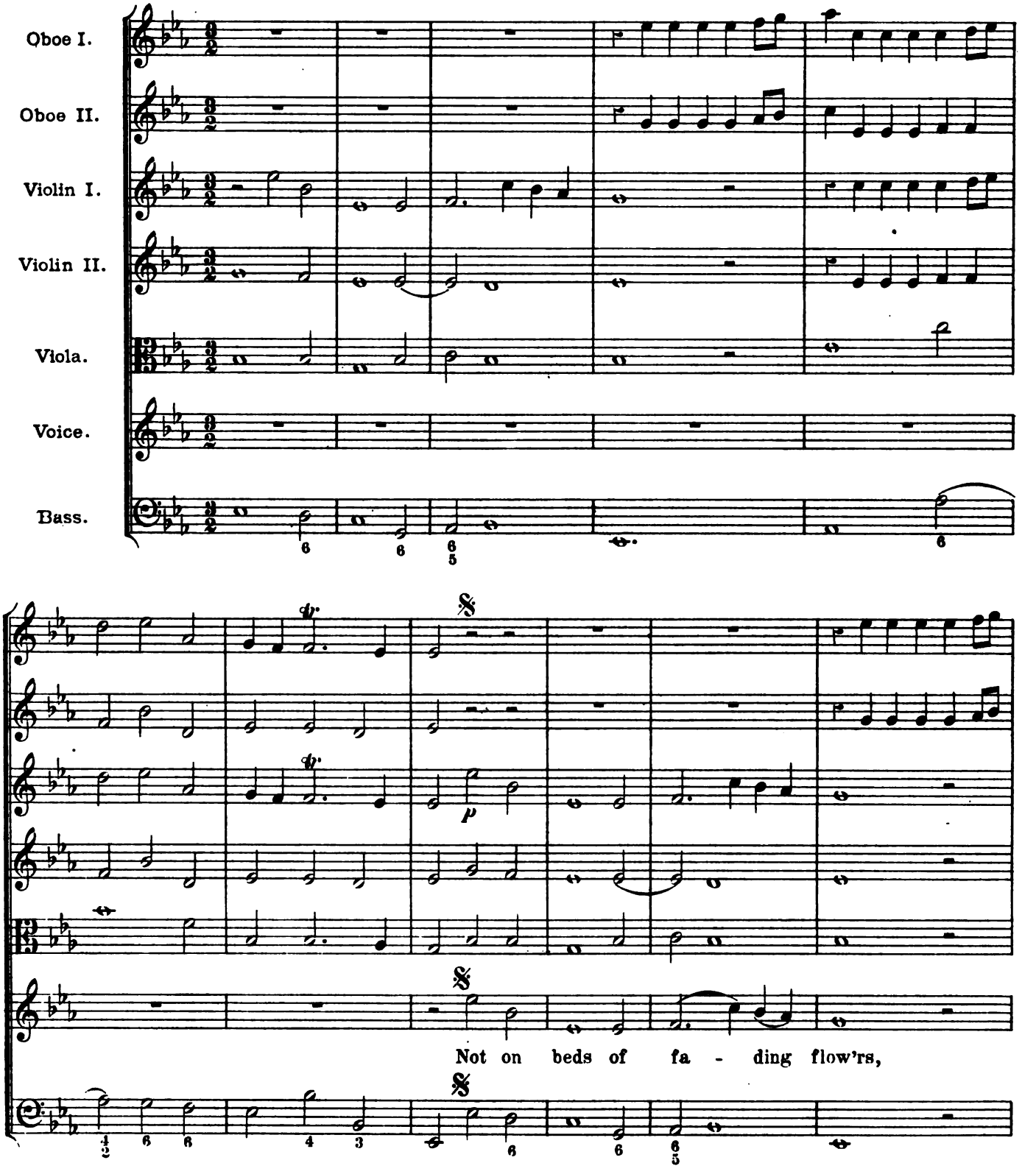
heal me with kisses or else I die, or else I die.

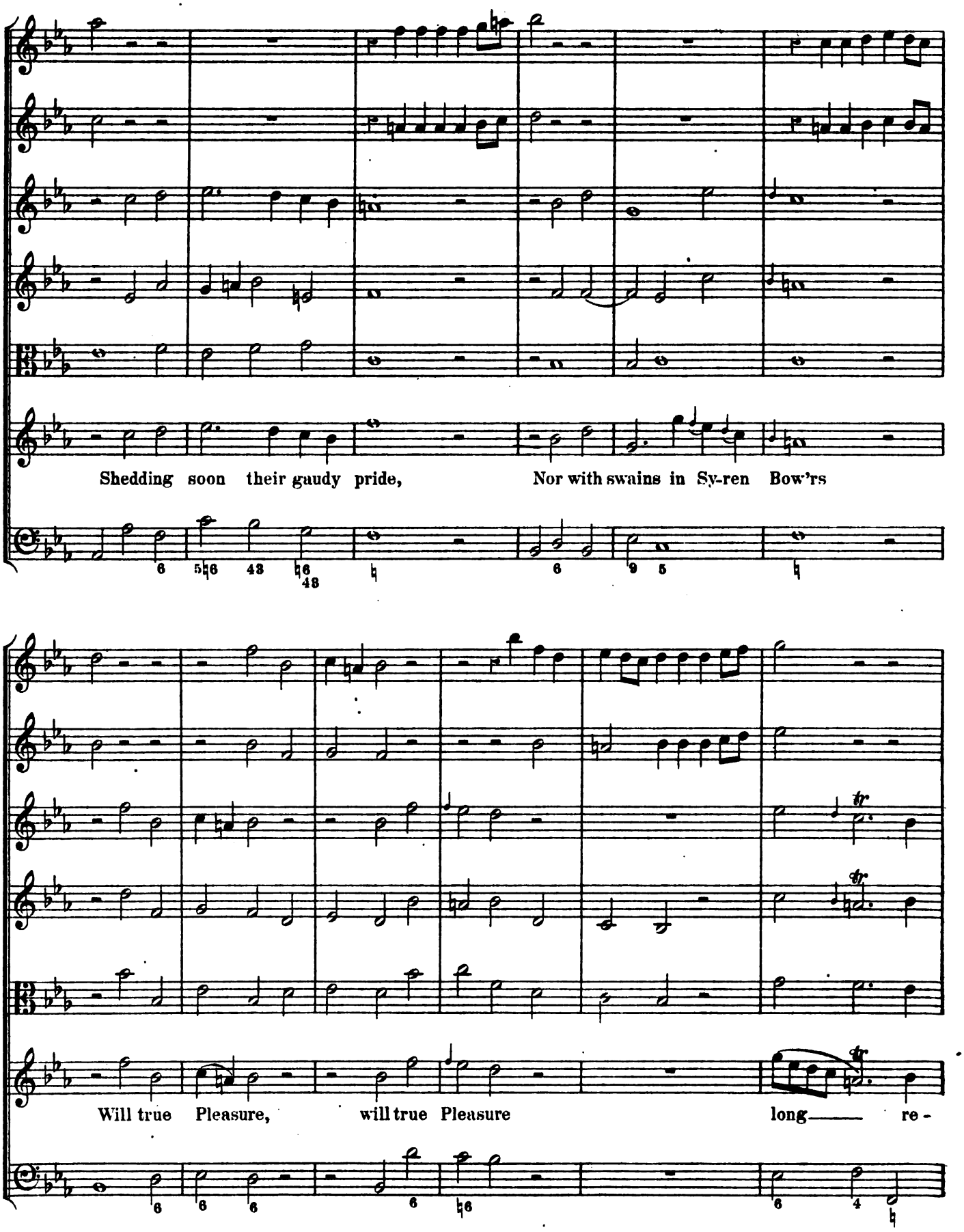
End with first Symphony.

I.

Not on beds of fading flow'rs.

Comus.




Shedding soon their gaudy pride, Nor with swains in Sy-ren Bow'rs
Will true Pleasure, will true Pleasure long—— re-

1st 2nd

-side. On awful Vir - tue's Hill sub - lime Enthroned

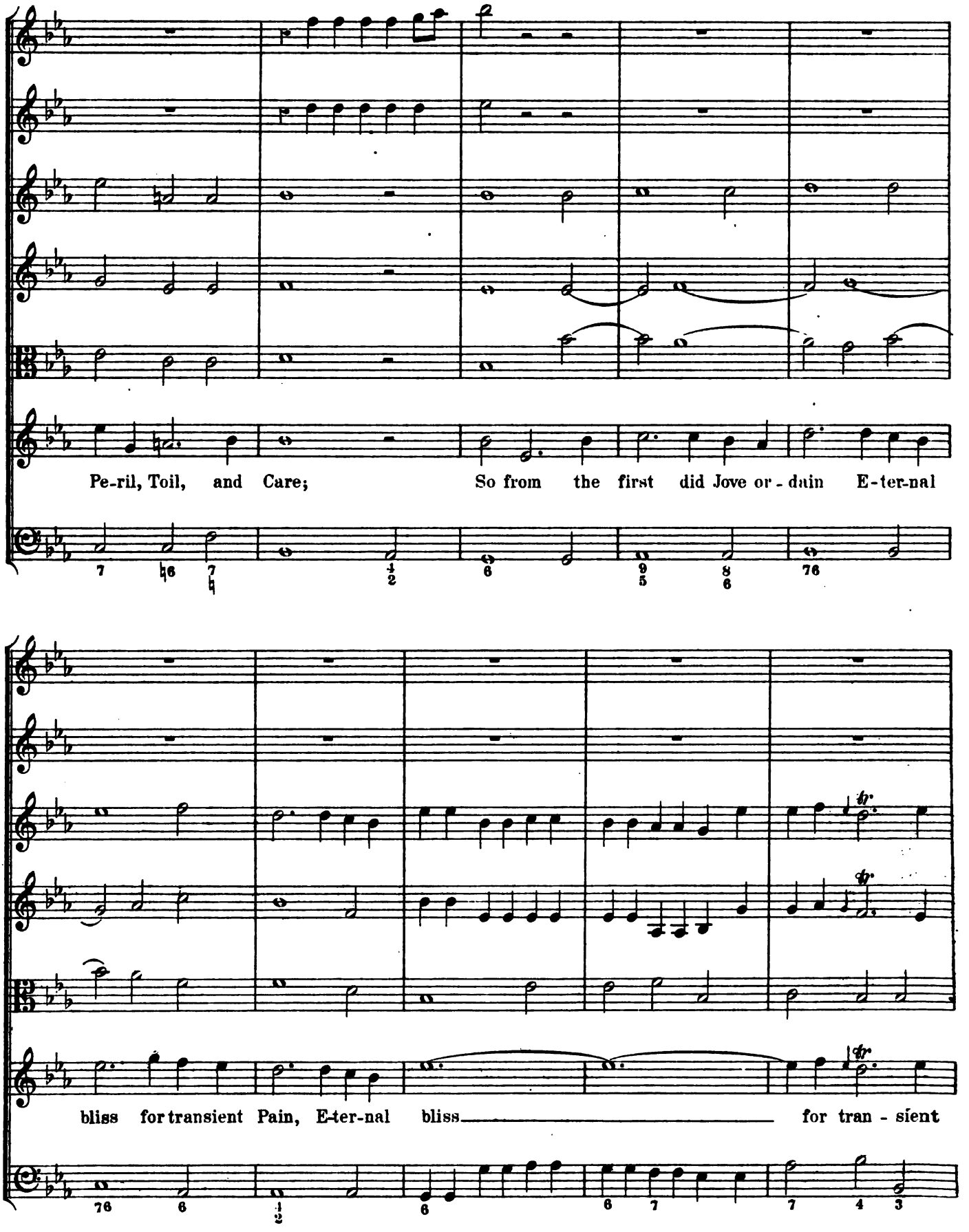
1st 2nd

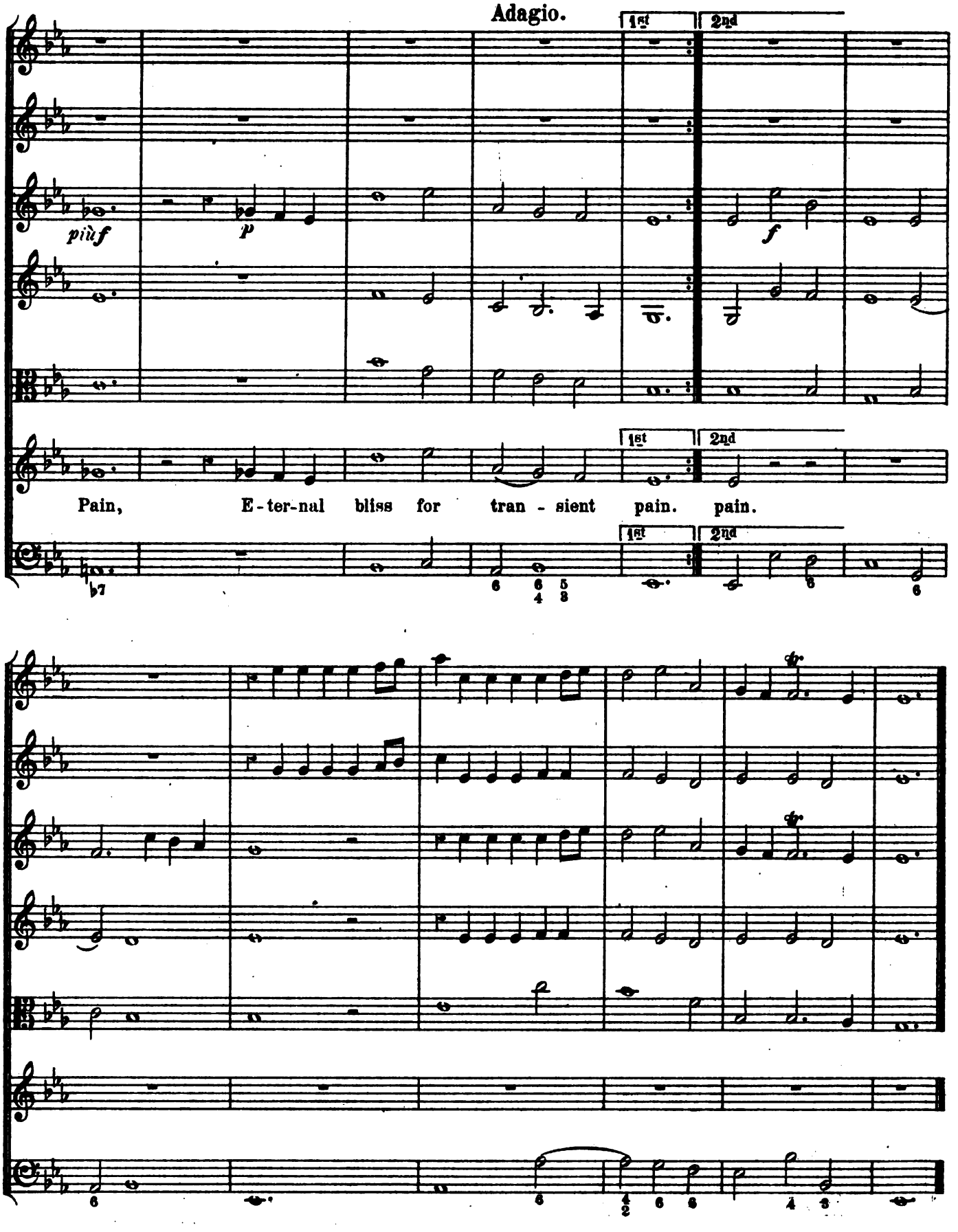
7 ♭7 6/4 5/3 6/4 4/2/7 5/3 6

f *p*

sits th'immor - tal fair, Who wins her Height must patient climb, The steps are

♮6 6/4 ♮ 6 6

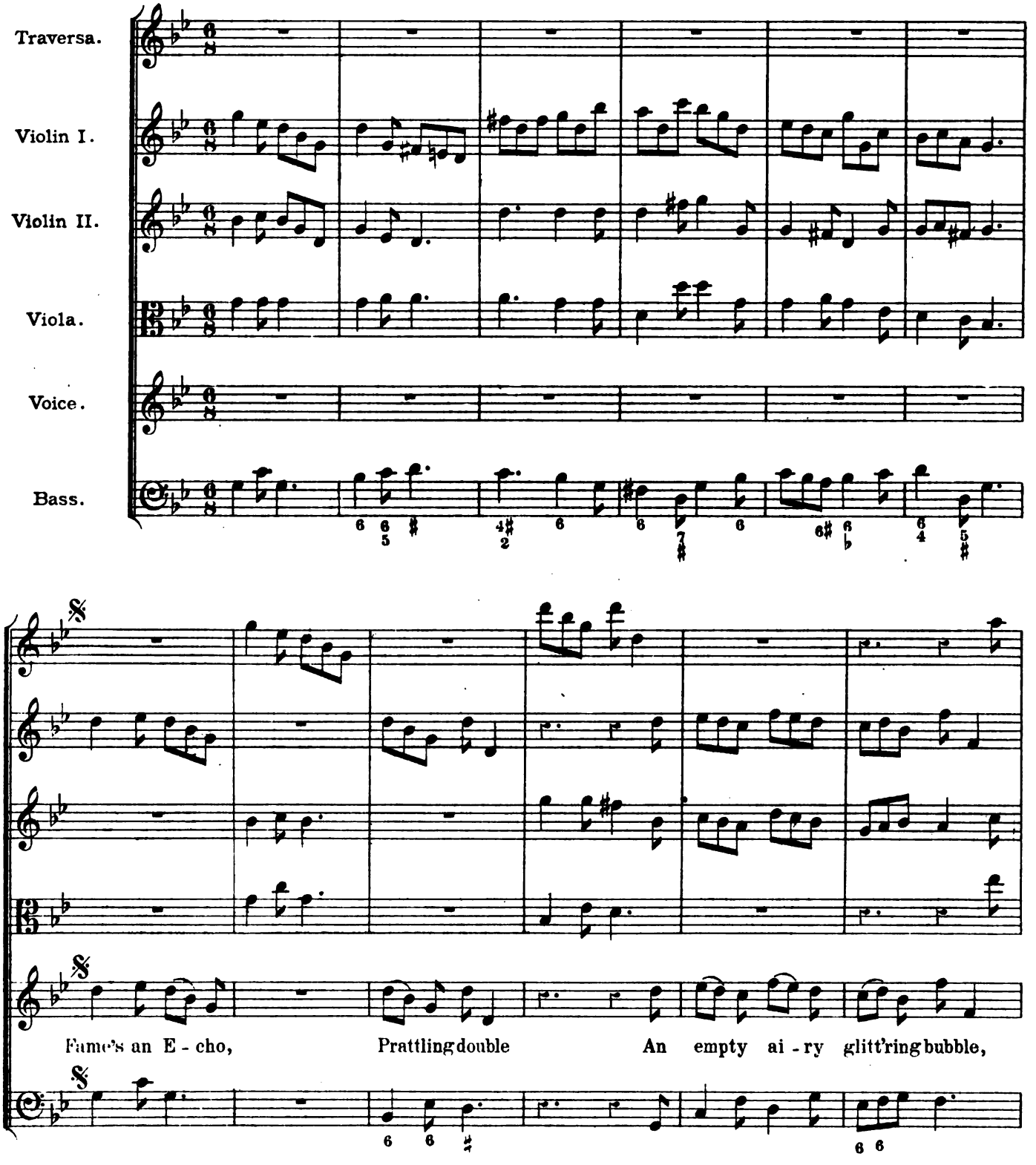

Pe-ril, Toil, and Care; So from the first did Jove or-dain E-ter-nal
bliss for transient Pain, E-ter-nal bliss for tran-sient


Adagio.
1st
2nd
più f
p
f
Pain, E-ter-nal bliss for tran - sient pain. pain.

II.

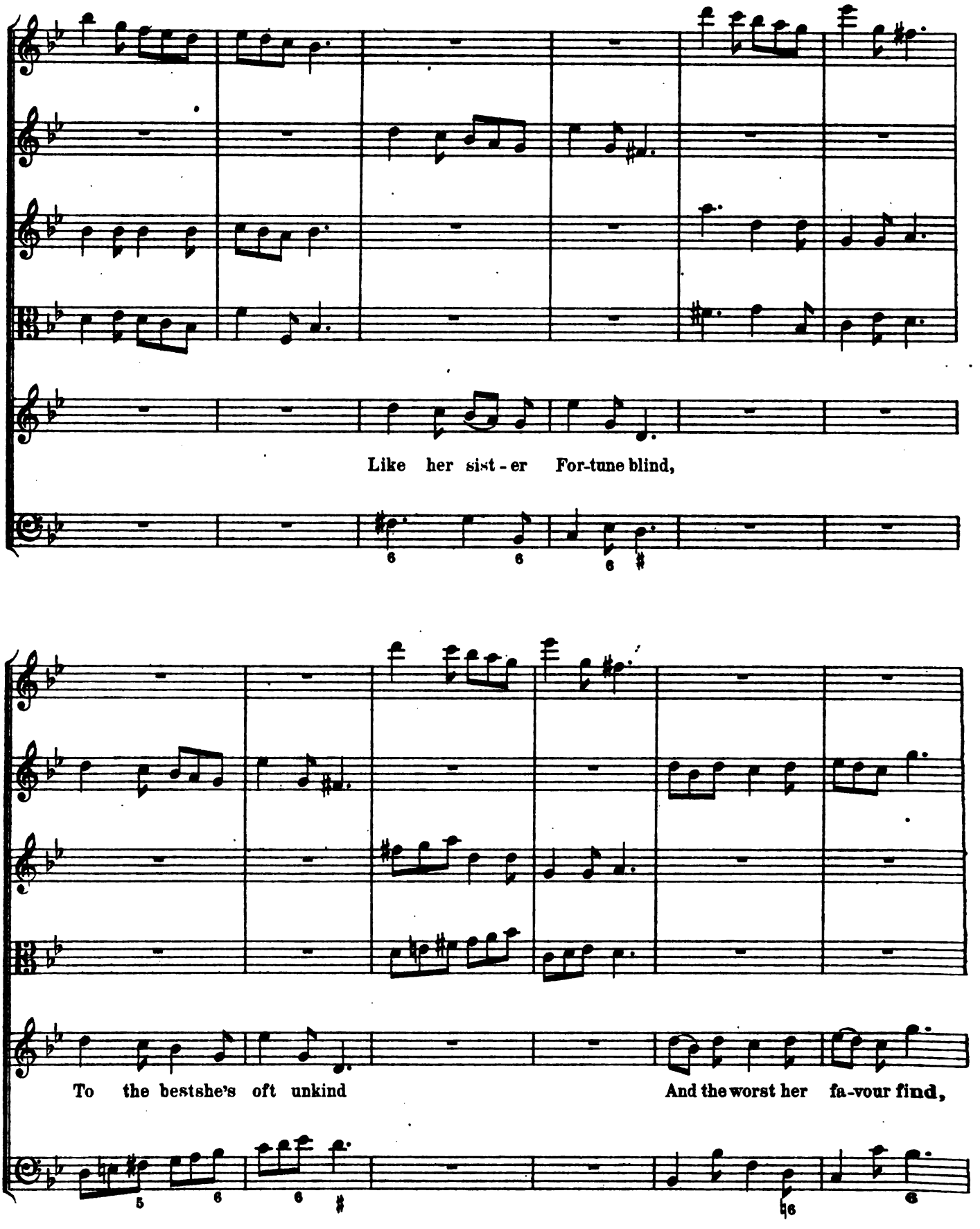
Fame's an Echo.

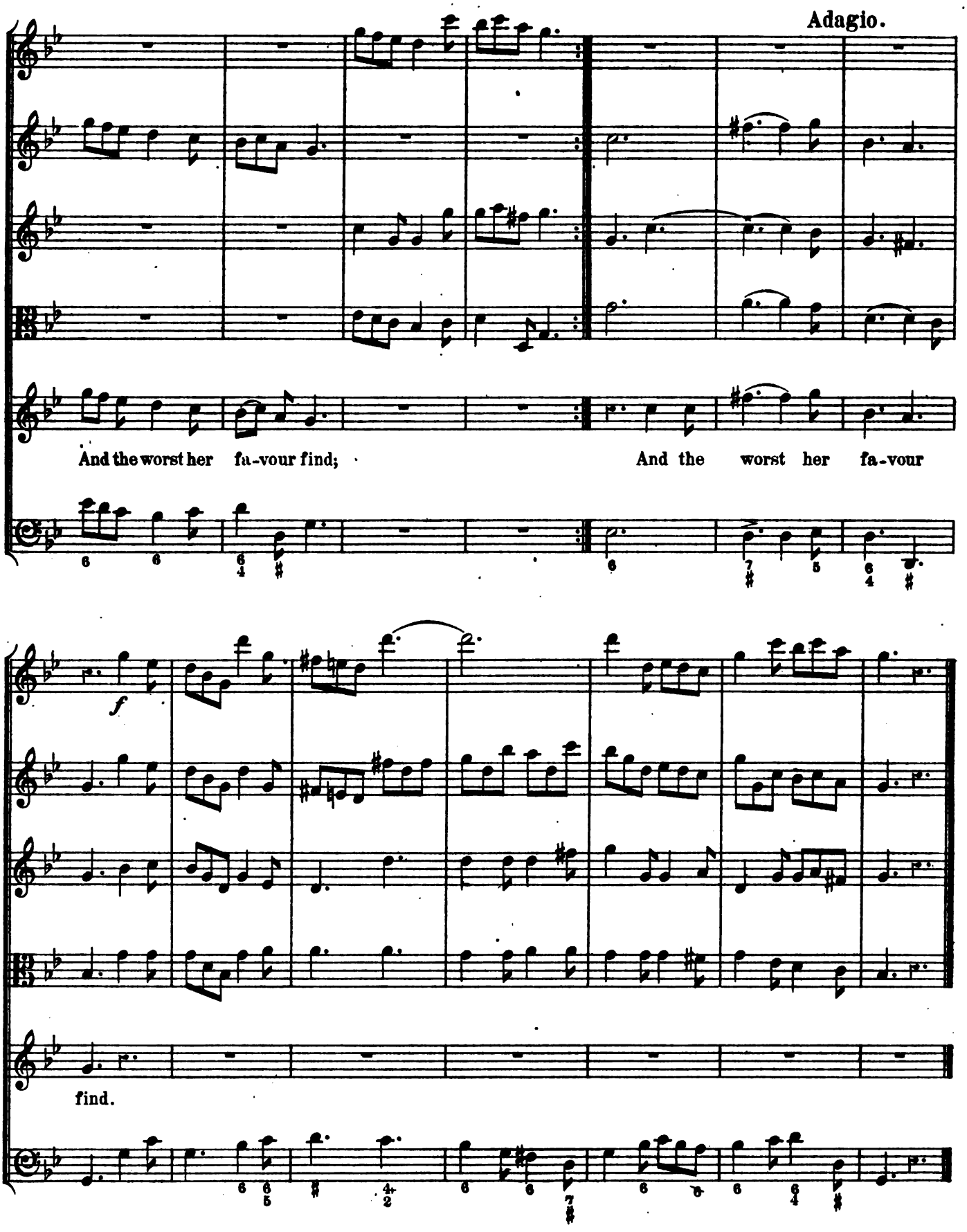
Comus.



A breath can swell, a breath can sink it The wise not worth their keeping think it.

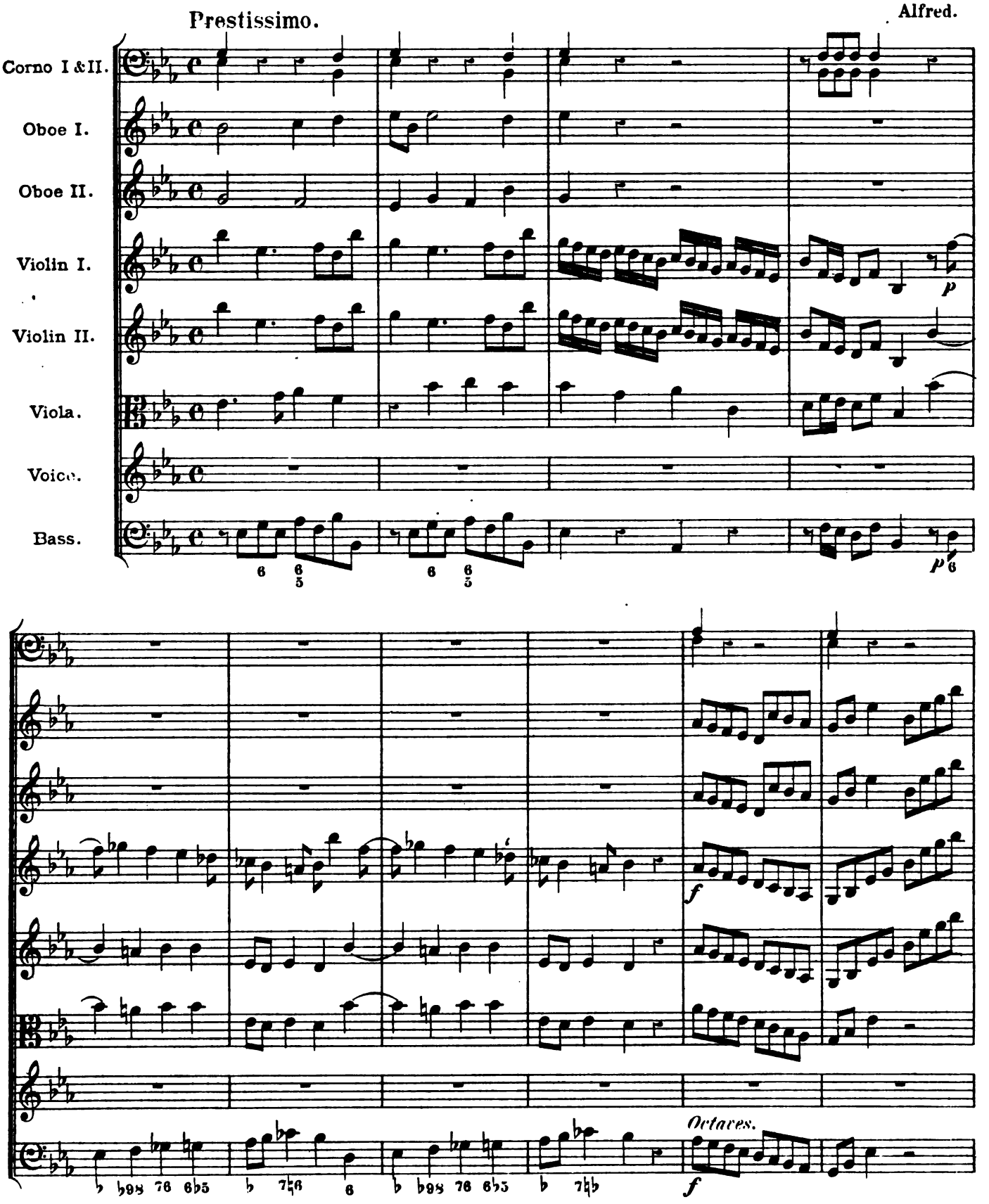
Why then, why such toil and pain Fame's un-certain smiles to gain

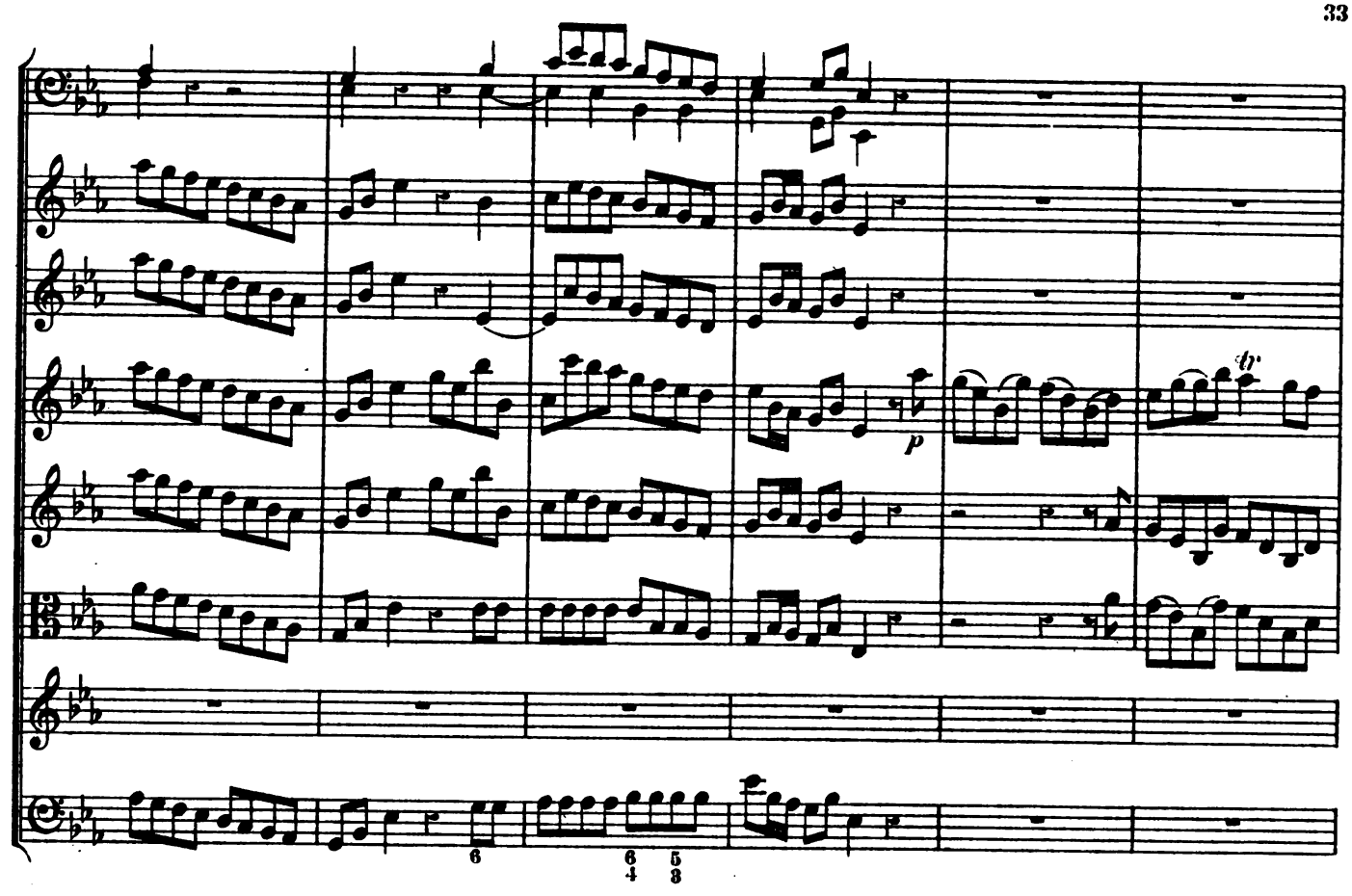

Like her sist - er For-tune blind,
To the best she's oft unkind
And the worst her fa-vour find,

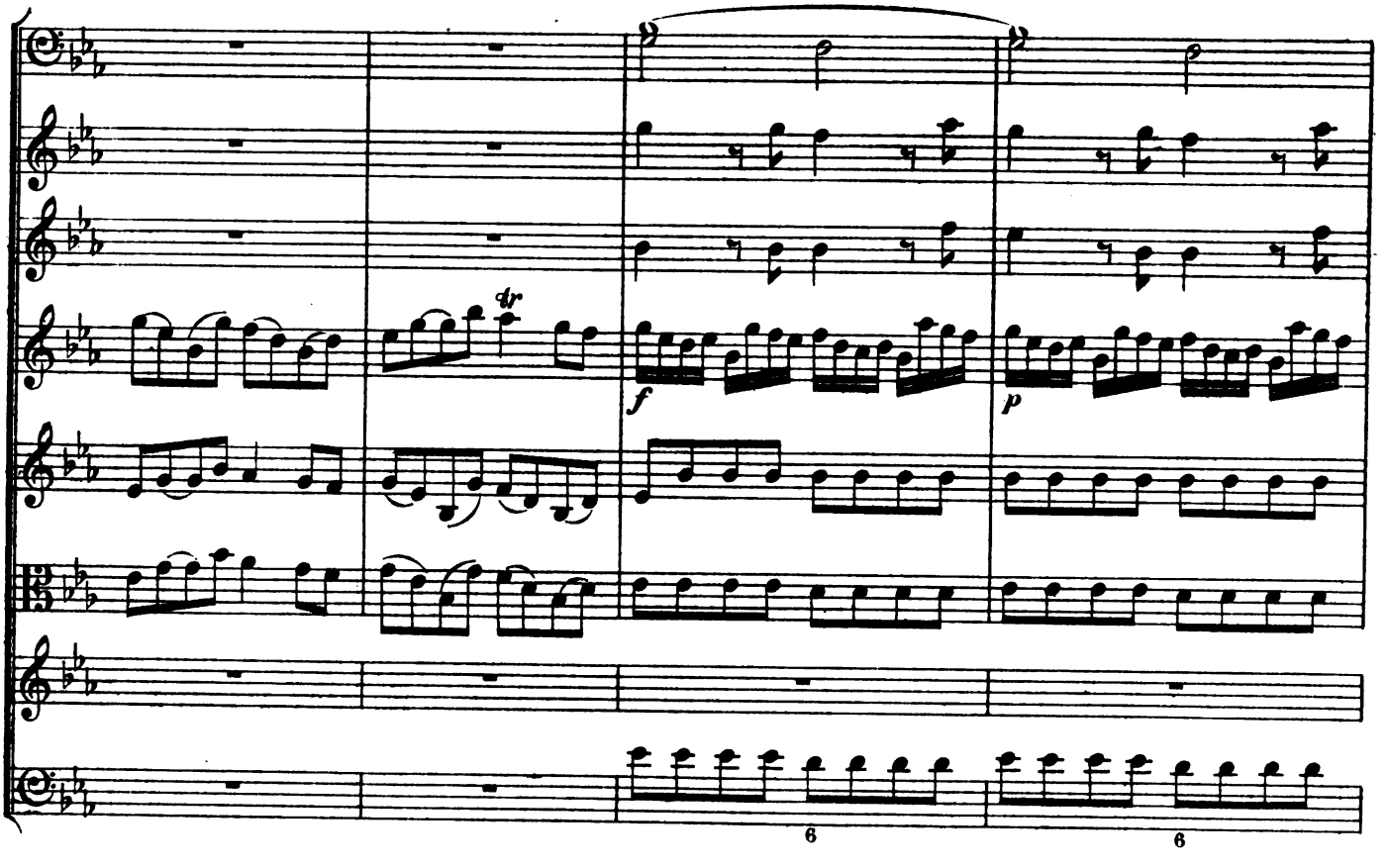

Adagio.
And the worst her fa-vour find;
And the worst her fa-vour
find.

III.

"Vengeance, O come inspire me"




tr
p
6
6 5
4 3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f
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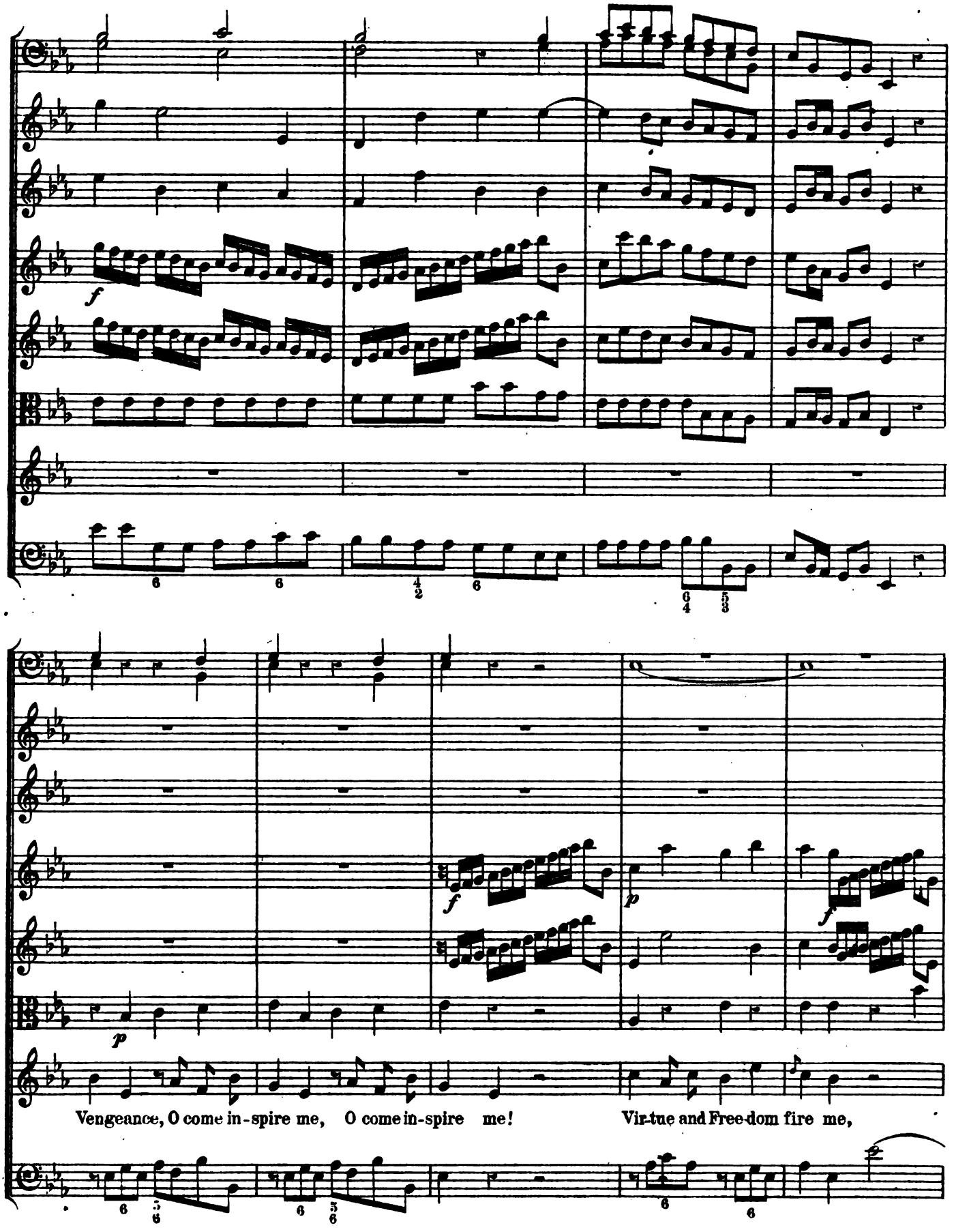
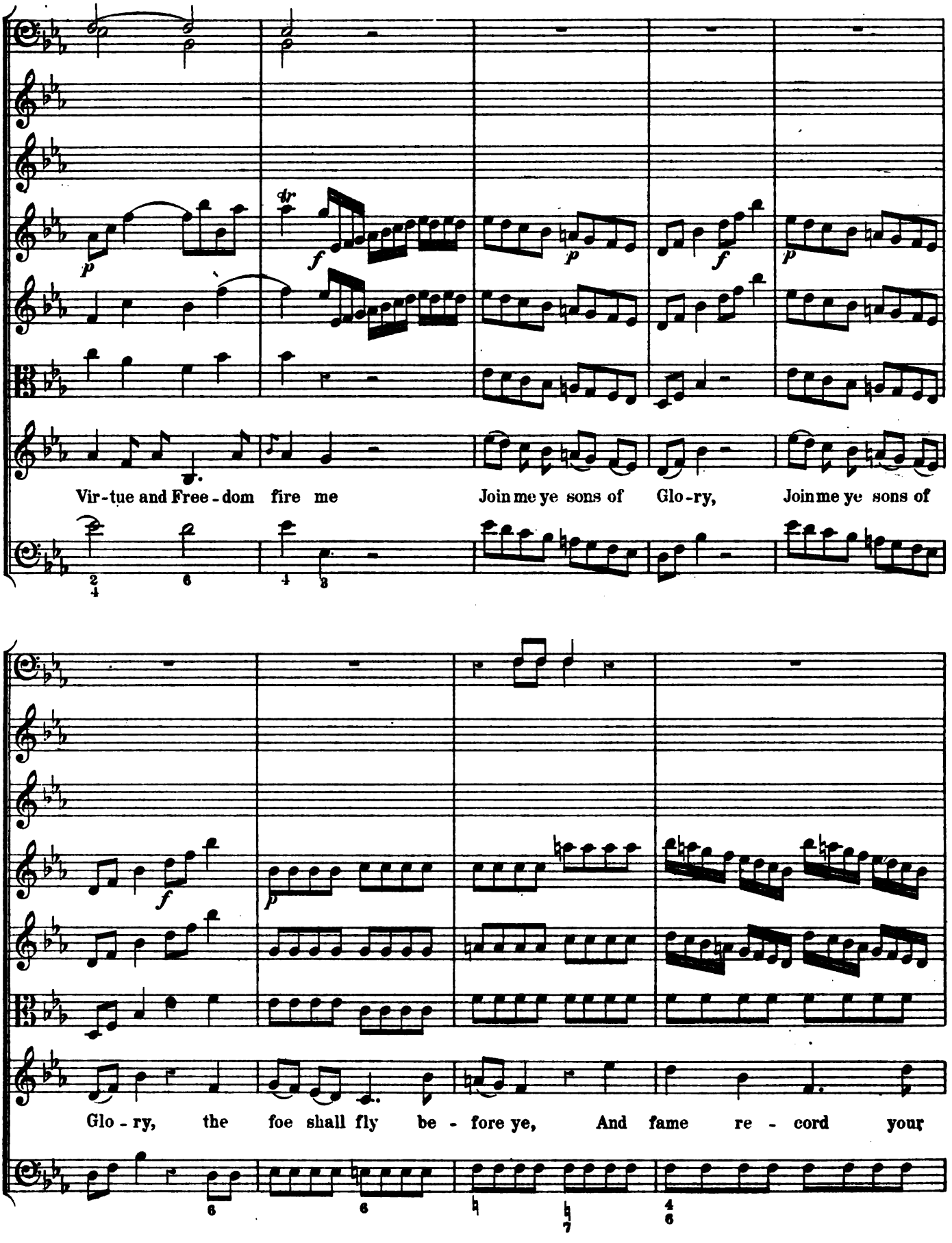
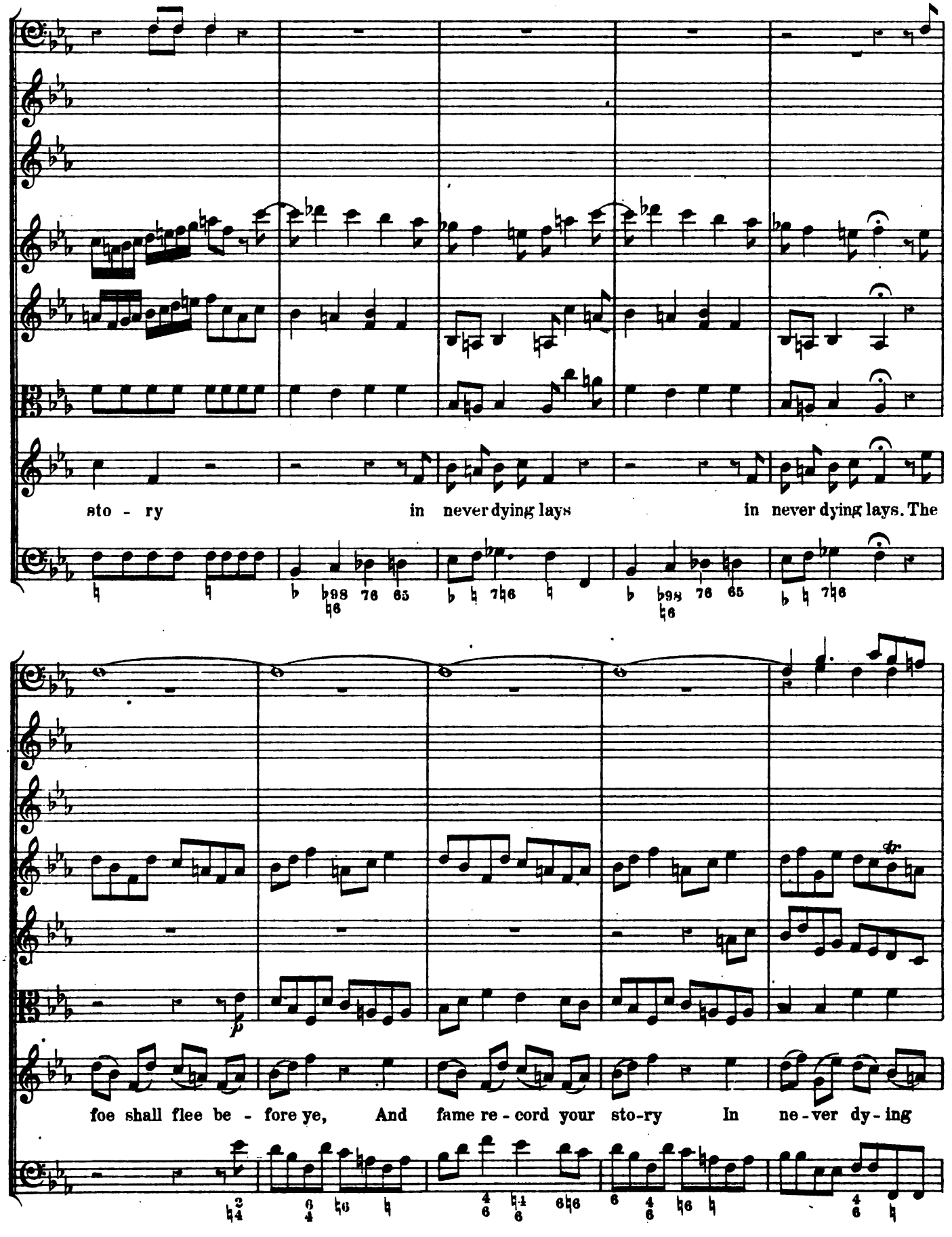
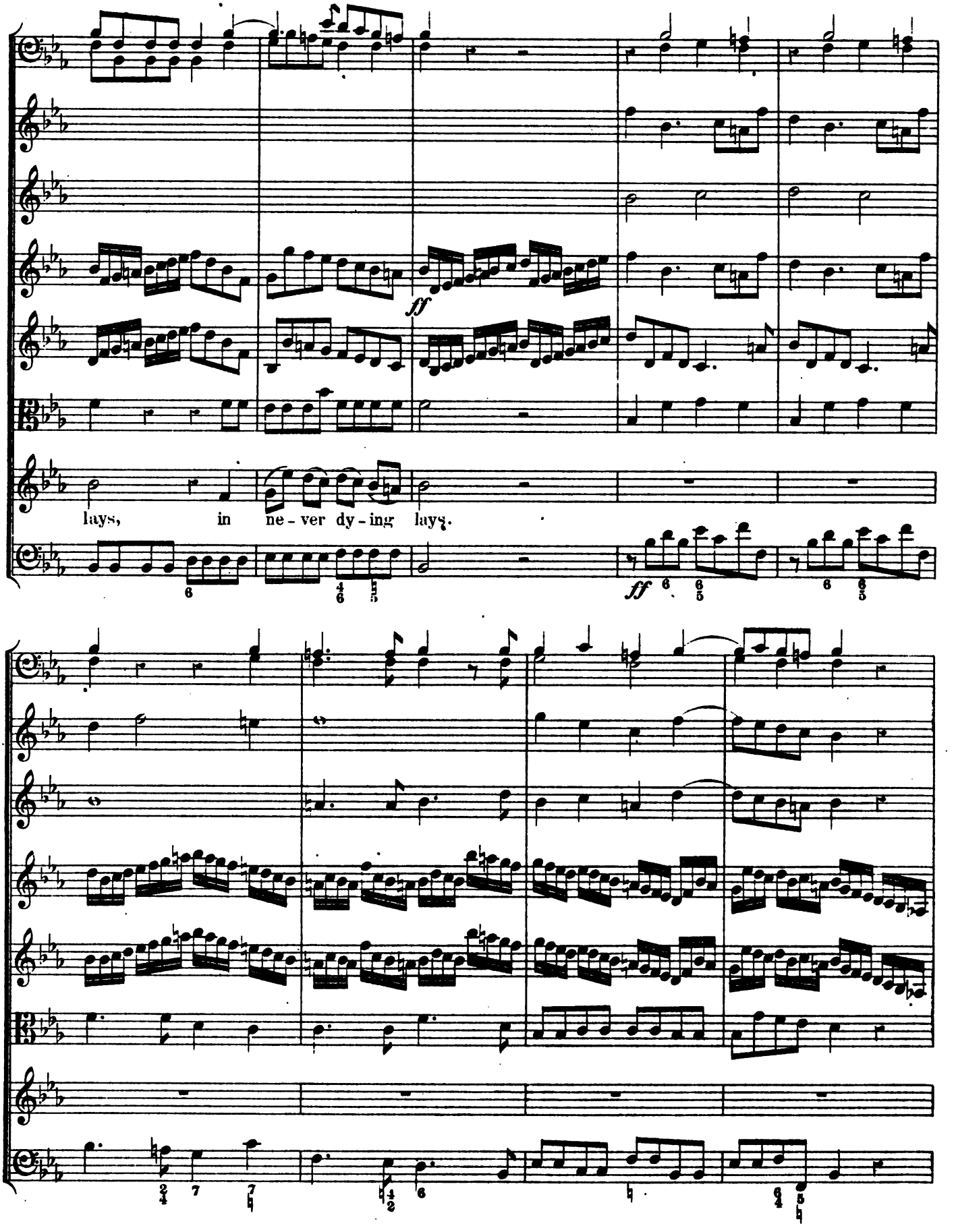
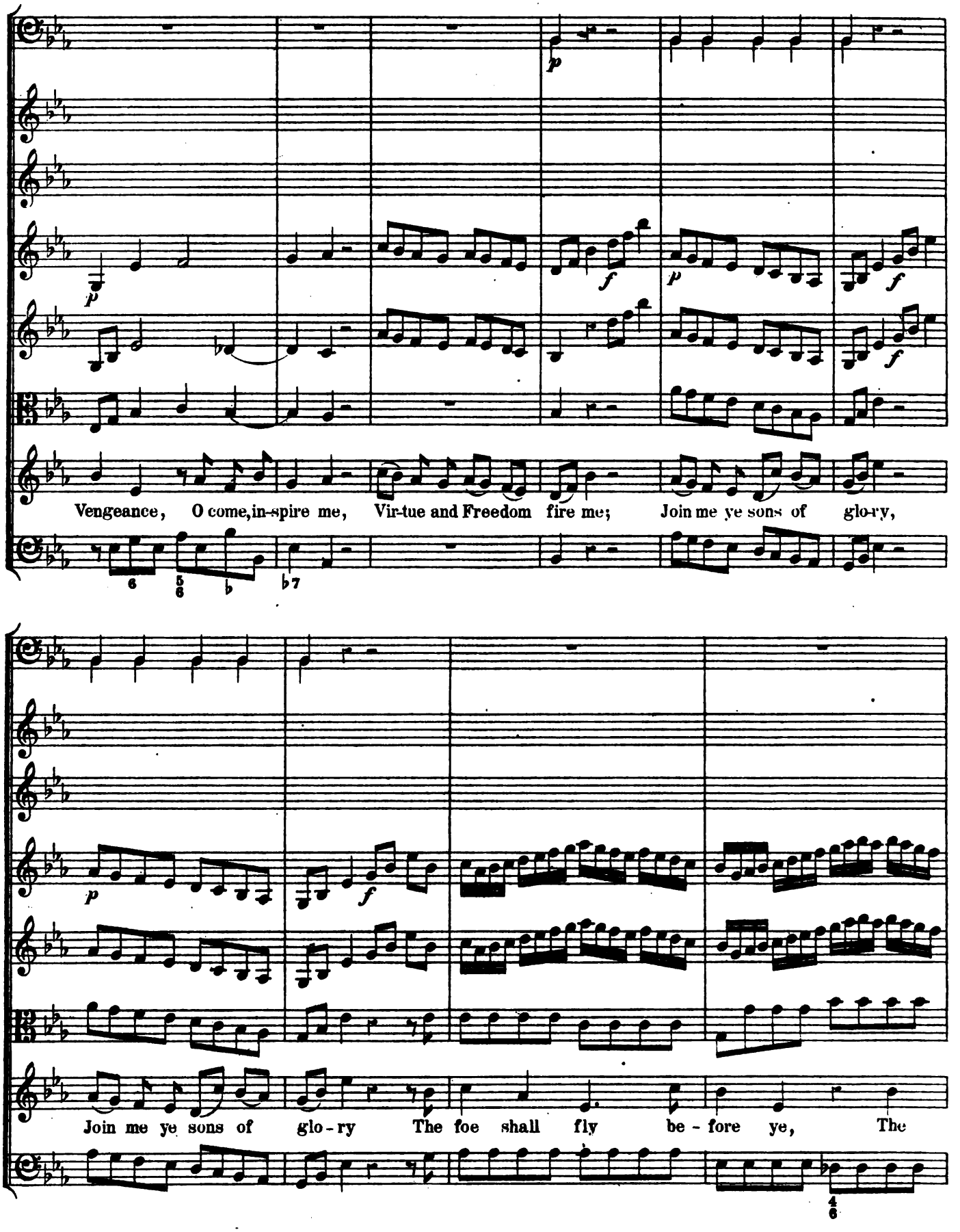
6


Vengeance, O come in-spire me, O come in-spire me!
Vir-tue and Free-dom fire me,


Vir-tue and Free-dom fire me
Join me ye sons of Glo-ry,
Join me ye sons of
Glo-ry, the foe shall fly be-fore ye,
And fame re-cord your

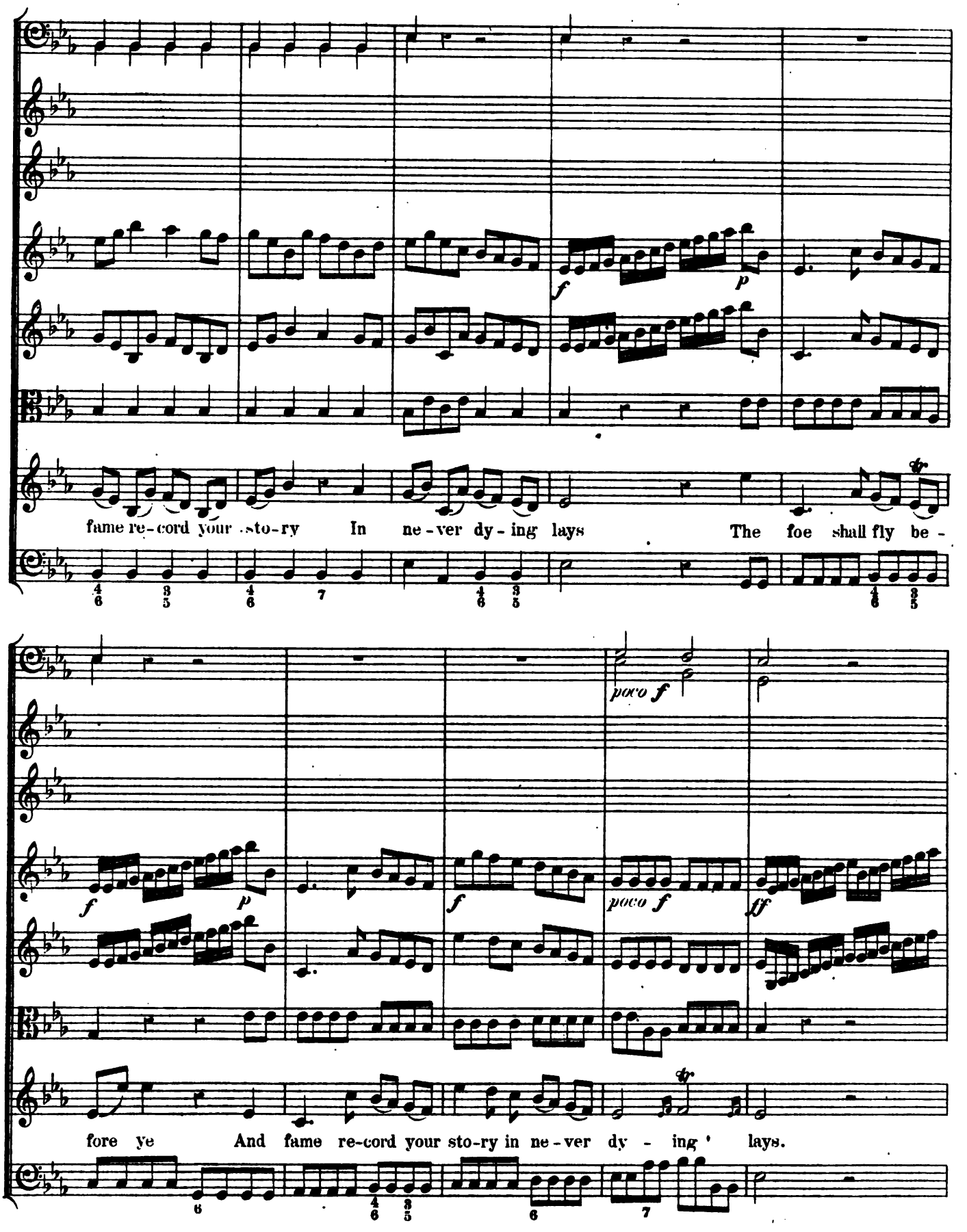

sto - ry in never dying lays in never dying lays. The
foe shall flee be - fore ye, And fame re - cord your sto-ry In ne - ver dy - ing

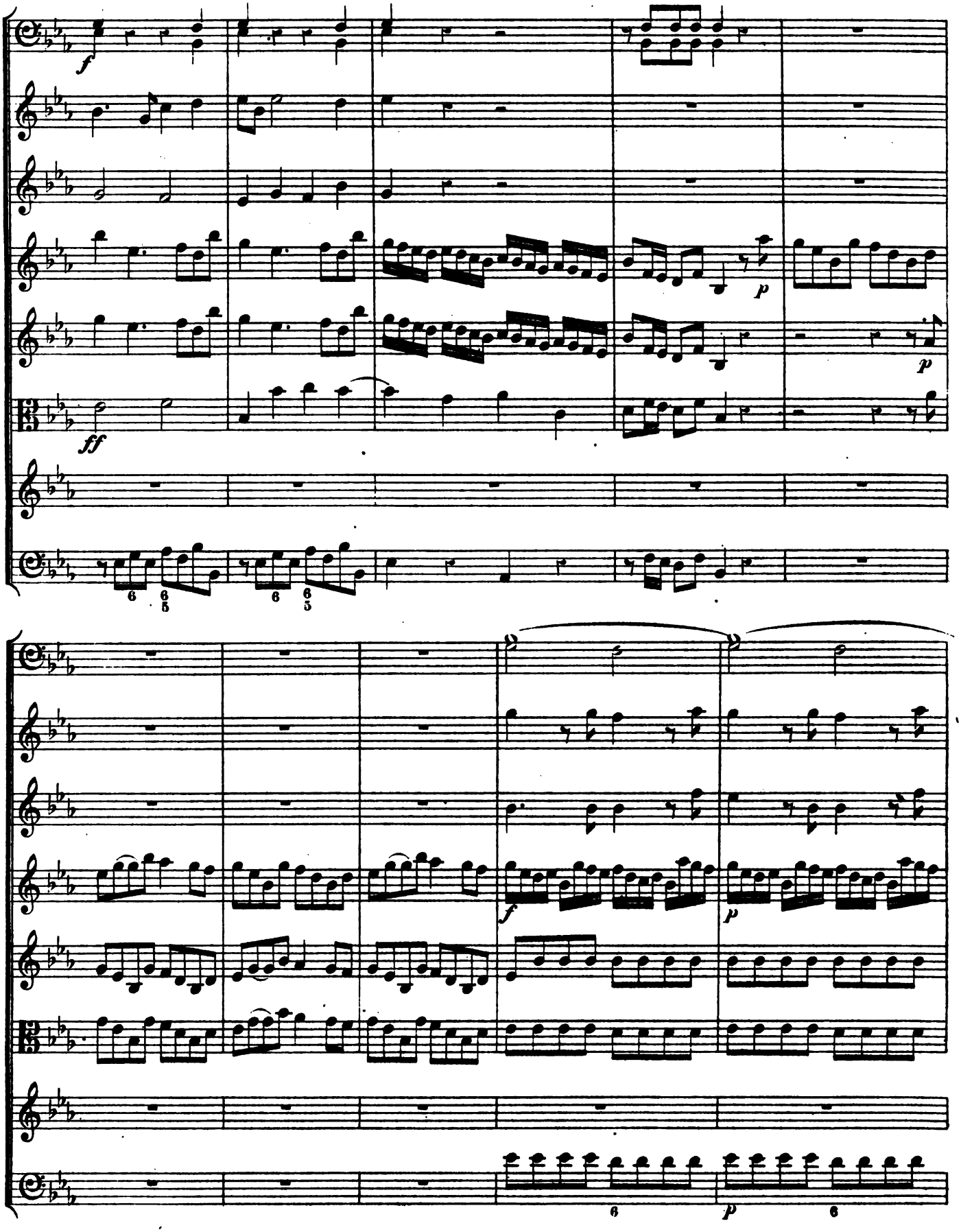

ff
lays, in ne - ver dy - ing lays.
ff


Vengeance, O come, in-spire me, Vir-tue and Freedom fire me; Join me ye sons of glo-ry,
Join me ye sons of glo-ry The foe shall fly be-fore ye, The

foe shall fly be - fore ye, and fame re-cord your sto-ry, and fame re-cord your sto-ry,

in never dy-ing lays, in ne-ver dy-ing lays The foe shall fly be-fore ye, And


f
p
fame re-cord your sto-ry In ne-ver dy-ing lays The foe shall fly be-
poco f
f
p
f
poco f
ff
fore ye And fame re-cord your sto-ry in ne-ver dy-ing lays.


f
p
p
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6
6 5
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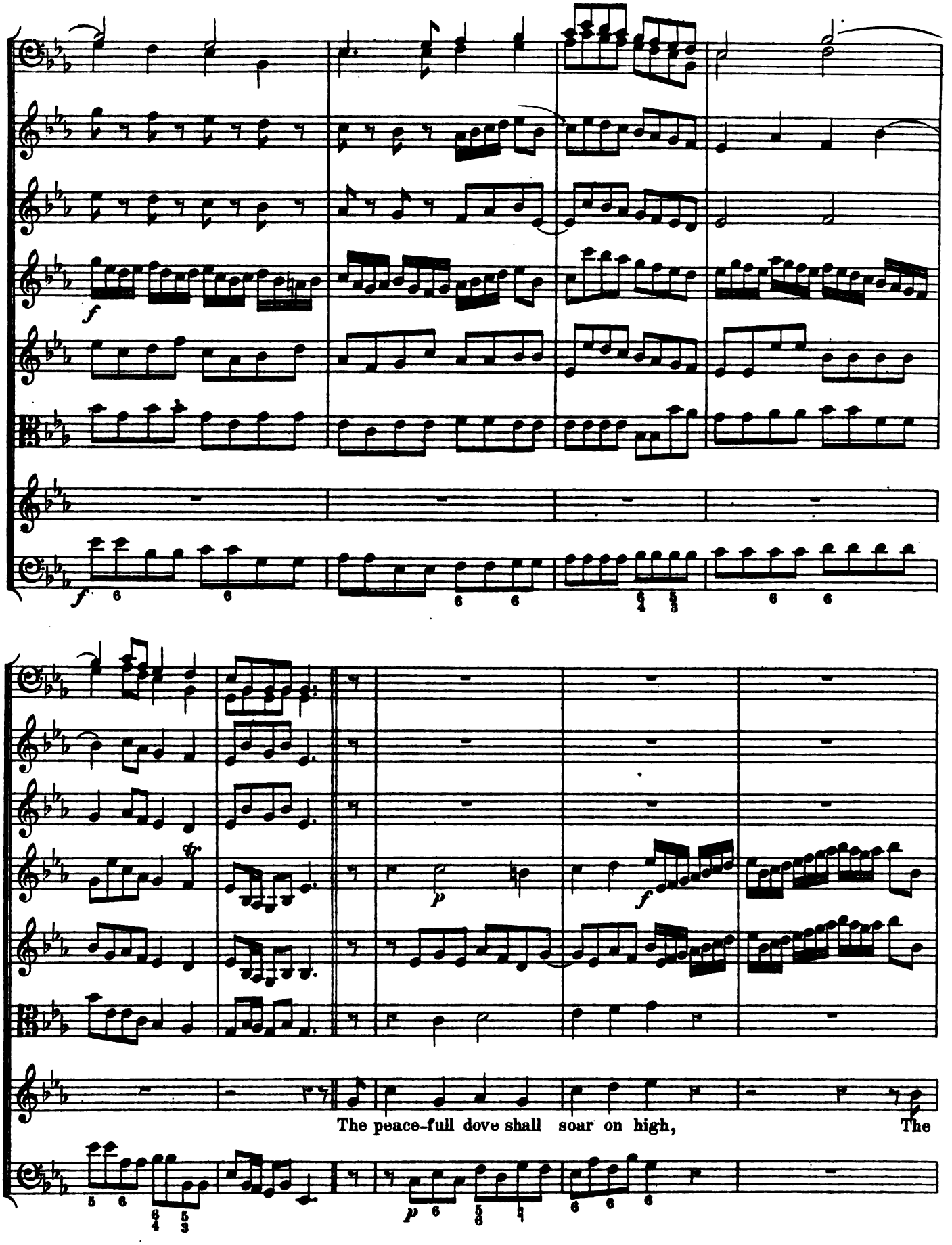
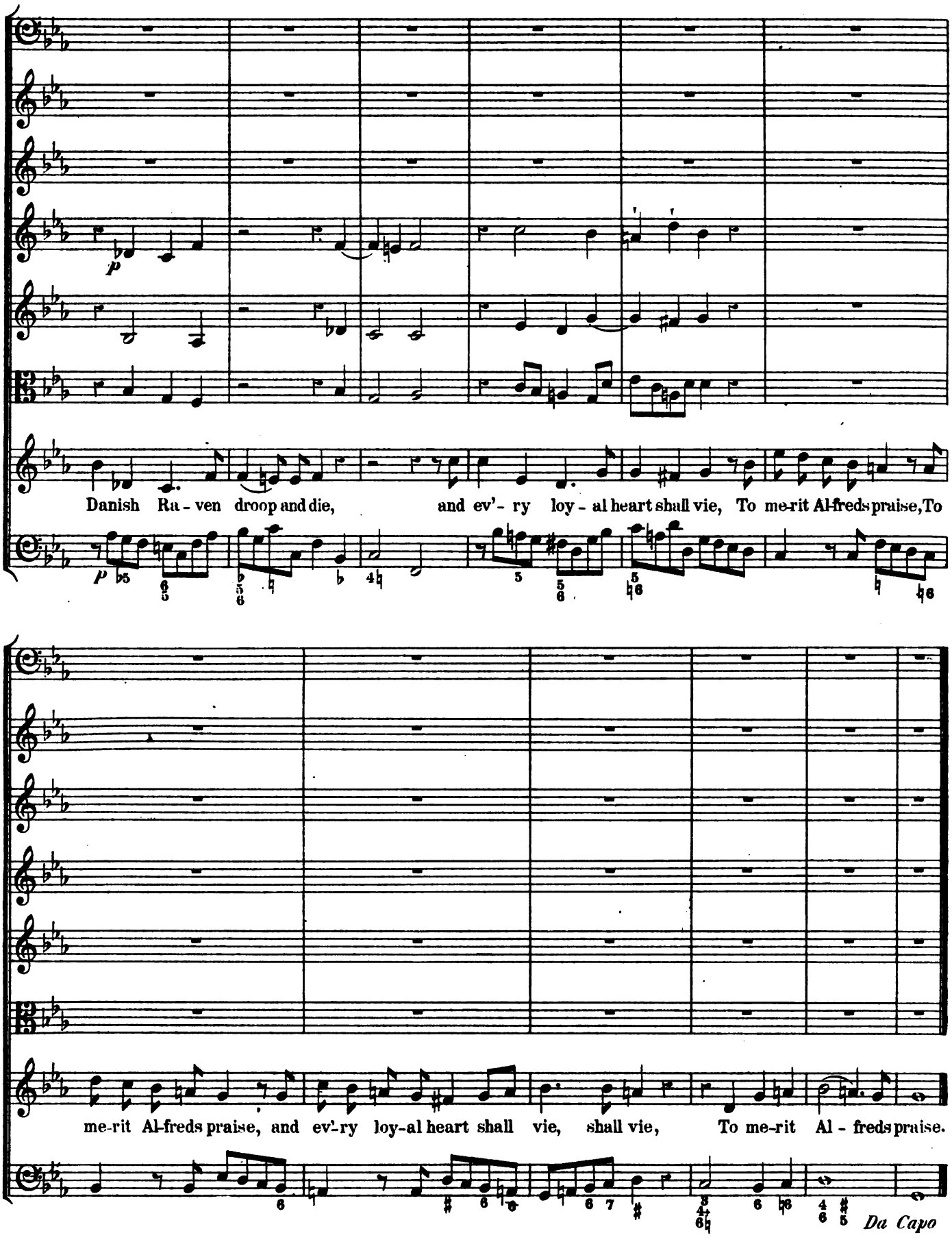
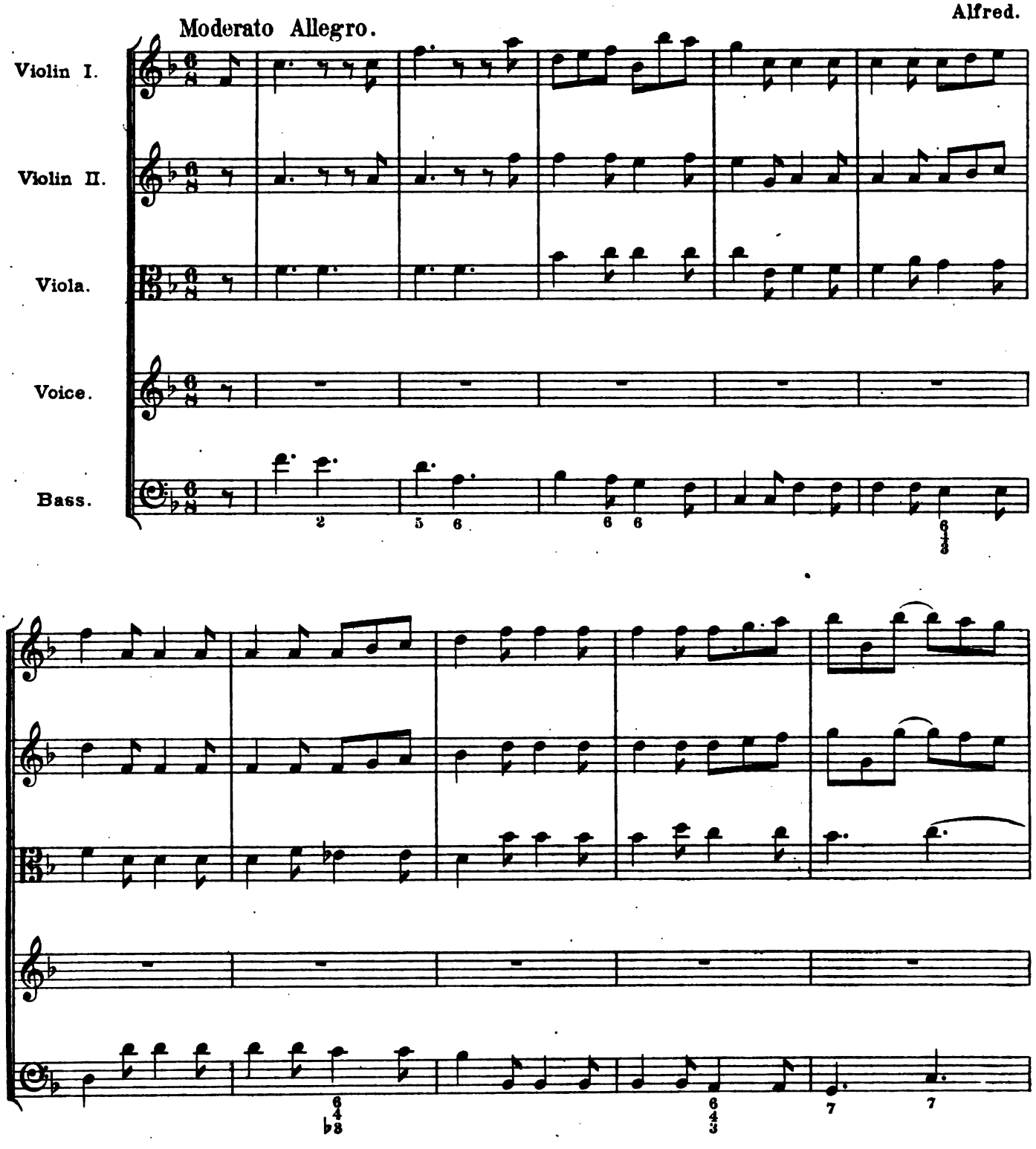
6

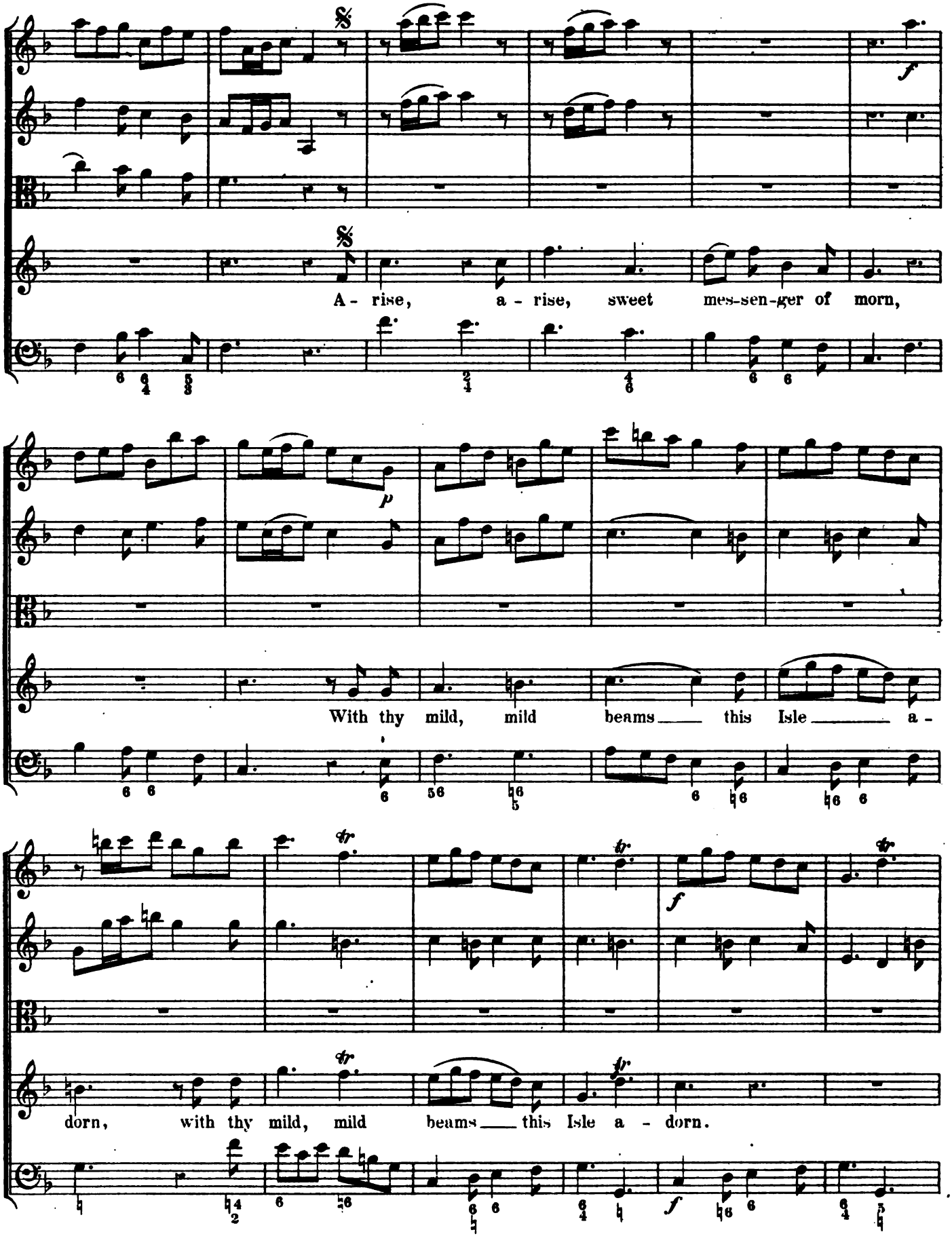

The peace-full dove shall soar on high,
The

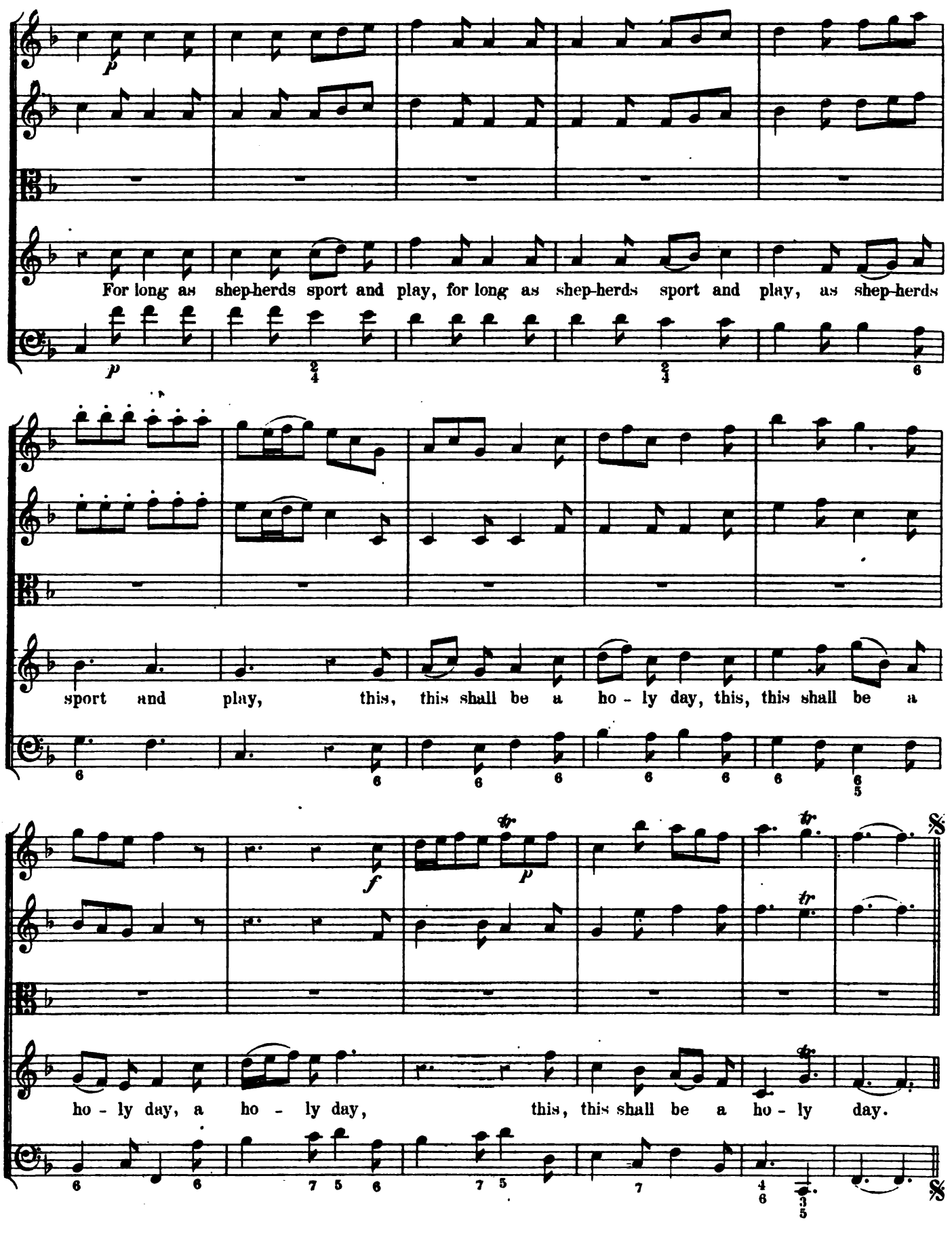

p
Danish Ra - ven droop and die, and ev'- ry loy - al heart shall vie, To me-rit Al-freds praise, To
me-rit Al-freds praise, and ev'-ry loy-al heart shall vie, shall vie, To me-rit Al - freds praise.
Da Capo

IV.

Arise, sweet messenger of morn.




A - rise, a - rise, sweet mes-sen-ger of morn,
With thy mild, mild beams this Isle a -
dorn, with thy mild, mild beams this Isle a - dorn.


p
For long as shep-herds sport and play, for long as shep-herds sport and play, as shep-herds
sport and play, this, this shall be a ho - ly day, this, this shall be a
f
p
ho - ly day, a ho - ly day, this, this shall be a ho - ly day.

V.

Sleep, gentle Cherub.

Judith.

Andante largo.

Violin I.

Violin II.

Viola.

Voice.

Bass.

Sleep,

gen - tle Cherub, Sleep descend, Sleep descend, Thy heal-ing wings protective spread

— thy heal - ing wings pro - tect - ive spread. And o'er his

sa - cred temples bend, bend, o bend their sa - lu - ta - ry shade, O gentle Che - rub, O sleep, de-

scend, descend, thy healing wings pro - tect - ive spread, And o'er his sa - cred tem - ples bend, O

più p pp

bend thy shade, thy sa - lu - ta - ry shade, O bend thy sa - lu - ta - ry shade.

VI.

O come, o come my dearest.

Fall of Phaeton.

Andante.

Violin.

Voice.

Bass.

p

O come, o come my dearest, and

hi - - - ther, bring thy lips a - dorn'd with

all the bloom-ing spring, thy lips a - dorn'd with all the bloom - ing spring.

A thou-sand, thou-sand sweets their fra-grant a-toms blend, which

in a gale of joy, which in a gale of joy thy breath at-tend: Thy

love in gen-tle murmurs to my soul ap-ply, Heal me with kisses, Oh!

heal me with kis-ses or else I die, or else I die.

End with the first Symphony.

A thou-sand, thou-sand sweets their fra-grant a-toms blend, which

in a gale of joy, which in a gale of joy thy breath at-tend: Thy

love in gen-tle murmurs to my soul ap-ply, Heal me with kisses, Oh!

heal me with kis-ses or else I die, or else I die.

End with the first Symphony.

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